

The Sketch



No. 233.--Vol. XVIII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



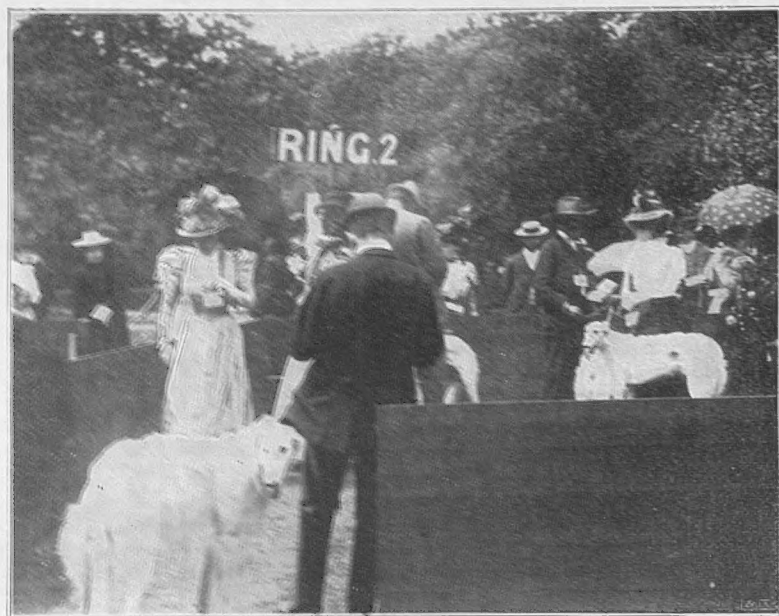
THE PRINCE OF WALES AS COLONEL OF THE TENTH HUSSARS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

THE DOGS' GARDEN-PARTY.

Photographs by Muggridge, Henry Street, N.

The third Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, which was held on Thursday and Friday in the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, was certainly more like a brilliant garden-party to which about eight hundred dogs



JUDGING THE BORZOIS.

of high degree had brought their mistresses. The Princess of Wales showed her Borzoi, Alex, who won two first prizes and a premiership; a pretty little black pug, Black Gm, who was awarded three firsts and a premiership; a small red Dalmatian, Wanghee '96, who took two second prizes; and smooth and rough basset-hounds—Zero, a first-prize winner, and Sandringham Vivian '95, the only entry in the rougher variety. Judging by the names of their owners, toy bulldogs are certainly among the favourites of fashion just now. Countess de Grey showed two—Bite and Pawn Spink, taking two firsts with the former and a second with the latter. Other exhibitors and prize-winners in this variety were the Duchess of Sutherland, the Countess of Carnarvon, Lady Kathleen Pilkington, and the Hon. Mrs. Baillie. In Skyes, Mrs. Hughes swept the board. The same must be said of Mrs. Violet Housball and her Great Dames. These two ladies were almost ties in the competition for the seventy-guinea challenge-cup for the champion of champions. At last the award was given to the Great Dame, a magnificent brindle. Tiny dogs abounded; never has there been such a show of Japanese spaniels. Some beautiful little dogs made their first appearance in a London show on this occasion, winning first prizes. Five Irish wolfhounds faced the judge, first honours falling to Mrs. G. Williams' Deunot Ashore 96, a lovely light-grey dog, standing over thirty-three inches at the shoulder, and a winner of three first prizes, a special, and a premiership. On Friday afternoon the Duchess of Teck visited the show, and the winners of championships and premships were all paraded before her, a splendid procession of magnificent dogs, headed by the champion of champions, Hannibal of Redgrave. Altogether it was a most successful show.



MRS. DOWNER'S GREYHOUNDS.

"THE SILVER KEY," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

It is no wonder that one had a thrilling scene when Mdle. de Belle-Isle was falsely accused by her sweetheart, d'Aubigny, of absolute infidelity, and discovered that the man alleged to be her lover asserted her guilt by denying it ineffectively. No wonder, too, that we were in heroics when she found that her alleged dishonour was the outcome of a brutal wager. For Mdle. de Belle-Isle was a pure, high-spirited girl, and deeply in love with her betrothed who was making these horrible charges. Yet even he was not altogether to be blamed, for there seemed conclusive evidence that, despite her denial, she had received the notoriously libertine Duc de Richelieu in her room at midnight. The unfortunate girl could not show her innocence by stating that she spent the night in question in the Bastille with her father, for her visit was clandestine and under a vow of secrecy. However, even this scene between the lovers and the Duke was less thrilling than the duel on the stage; for there was a duel, though timid ladies need not dread fire-arms and sword-clashing. D'Aubigny and the Duke, in order to avoid arrest, gave their words of honour that they would not fight, and, nevertheless, were determined that the sun should not shine long on both of them. So they had a dicing duel—more thrilling, perhaps, if less effective, than the famous scene in "The Masqueraders." Three throws apiece of the ivory cubes were to determine which was to blow out his brains in seven hours. It took ten casts with the dice, since, as in a case related by Defoe, they were intensely reluctant to make the fatal decision. D'Aubigny lost, and determined to carry out the bargain, despite the offer of the Duke to remit the penalty. Luckily, in the nick of time the mystery was solved—the Duke discovered, to his amazement, amusement, and indignation, that he had been duped, like a Bertram or an Angelo, though Mdle. de Belle-Isle was an unwitting Mariana or Diana. The Duke, when he found out the truth, although he had been called a liar by d'Aubigny, felt bound in honour to save the young man's life, and his task was a very difficult one, since he chanced to be arrested for treason at the moment when his efforts should have begun.

"Mdle. de Belle-Isle" is not a sanguinary drama, only a pleasant, artificial comedy with a touch of melodrama, so the Duke was able to save d'Aubigny, and the lovers were married. I suspect that, during his married life, d'Aubigny had many bad quarters of an hour on the subject of his lack of confidence in his wife's honour. The play is remarkably good of its class, and will delight all kinds of playgoers, save perhaps the very earnest, modern, realistic people. The acting was exceedingly good. Miss Evelyn Millard has a rich acting part as Mdle. de Belle-Isle, and, of course, one knows that that means a charming, powerful performance. Mr. Tree's Duc de Richelieu is a really elegant piece of old comedy. Mrs. Tree is a delightful Marquise and seems to the manner born, while Mr. Lewis Waller was impressive as d'Aubigny. Miss Gigia Filippi made a charming chambermaid.



THE LATE M. MEILHAC.

Photo by Reudinger, Paris.

THE PROLIFIC MEILHAC.

Henri Meilhac, who died in Paris yesterday week, was only sixty-seven. One says only because, judging from the extraordinary prolificness of his work, he might have been a hundred. Since the days of Labiche, no dramatist had turned out anything like the quantity of work. At one time no fewer than fourteen of his pieces were running simultaneously in Paris, and yet, after writing continuously for forty years, he felt that he had not produced a play that was a masterpiece in any sense. He really succumbed at last because to obey the doctors would have been to take all the joy out of his life. He could not get out of his head the delights of the absinthe hour, nor the charm of the dinner with Aurelien Scholl and Coppée at Durand's in the Rue Royale. Accordingly, he treated their instructions only in a half-hearted way, and was walking in the Bois de Boulogne a few hours before his death, when he should have been in bed. He set himself out to write one play a-year, and since 1855 he did it, and at times he overdid it. He was a thorough Bohemian of the old school, and, so long as he was clothed, it mattered little to him what kind of clothes they were. To give a list of his plays would be to publish a catalogue, but he will be best remembered for "Manon," "Carmen," "Frou-Frou," and "La Vie Parisienne." He collaborated with several of his countrymen, notably with Halévy, whose "Grand Duchess" is to be revived for the benefit of the rising generation at the Savoy Theatre.

A DICKENS VILLAGE.

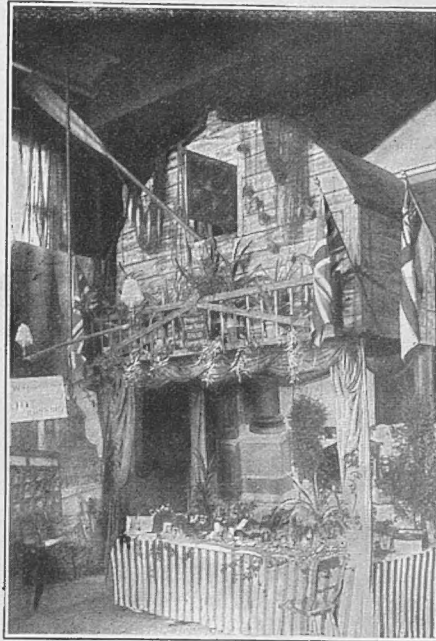
Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W

While London threatens to demolish what is left of Dickensdom—the “Old Curiosity Shop” at the corner of Lincoln’s Inn Fields, for instance, has recently been doomed—there are counter-demonstrations to show that Pickwick lore has lost little of its fascination for the great mass of Englishmen. The proof of this was to be found in very vivid form at Broadstairs last week, when a village peopled with Dickens folk sprang

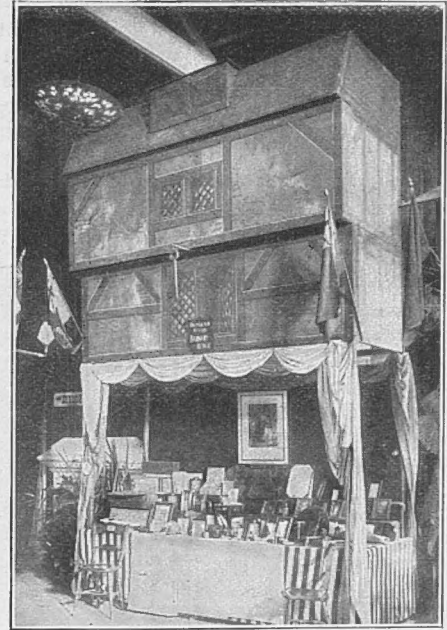
opposite, where Dickens lived, and which has become a sort of Dickens museum, was thrown open to the public. The ladies and gentlemen officiating at each of the nine stalls were dressed to represent prominent characters in the novel to which the stall had reference. Then there were a number of miscellaneous unattached characters. All were interesting, and many were ingeniously dressed. Imagine the village peopled by Dolly Varden (dainty in dimity), Oliver Twist, the Lord Chancellor (resplendent in purple gown and black satin knee-breeches), Uriah Heep (black and oleaginous), Fagin, Fanny Squeers, and many another celebrity, all clad in costumes true to the



CRUMMLES' ESTABLISHMENT.



PEGGOTTY'S BOATHOUSE.



VARDEN'S SHOP (MRS. HARMSWORTH).

up as if by magic. On Wednesday morning the inhabitants found themselves in Peggotty's boathouse, in Sol Gill's shop, in the White Hart Hotel, in Varden's forge—Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth having transformed herself into the dainty Dolly—while Madame Dufarge's wine-shop, Mr. Crummles' establishment, the Blue Dragon, Bleak House, Fagin's kitchen, and the “Old Curiosity Shop” stared one in the face with their immortal dwellers all agog. In plain English, a fête had been organised in order to raise funds for the erection of a club-house for the benefit of the fisher-folk of the town which Dickens loved. On the West Cliff a pavilion was erected, with stalls fashioned after various houses in the novels, while Bleak House, on the cliff

illustrations of “Phiz.” Cherry and Merry Pecksniff, for instance, were most admirably represented by two sisters, the Misses Ellis, and even the character of Mrs. Squeers, with her brimstone-and-treacle wooden spoon, did not frighten Miss Jukes. But, as a matter of fact, the early Victorian costumes, the coalscuttle bonnets, the lace fichus and crossovers, even when worn by ladies representing elderly and humorous characters, had a quaintly becoming effect. Mrs. Mills was Lady Dedlock, and at her stall Mdle. Frida Mentha was Ada Jarndyce, while Mrs. Emery well realised the quiet and sympathetic charm of Esther Summerson. Very many of the characters represented were easily recognised in the crowd.



SOME OF THE “INHABITANTS” OF THE VILLAGE.

TWO NEW OPERAS AT COVENT GARDEN.

Two new operas were produced at Covent Garden last week, "Der Evangelist" by Herr Wilhelm Kienzl, and "Inez Mendo," composed by Fred. Regnal. The former has already been seen in Vienna and in Germany; but this was the first occasion that it had been produced in England. The latter was an absolute novelty. While admitting that "Der Evangelist"—which is the name of a religious beggar in Vienna—is not, perhaps, likely to achieve great popularity in England, although it is said that the Carl Rosa Company purposes to play it in English, it is, nevertheless, a composition that throughout stimulates interest, and sometimes succeeds in arousing something not unlike enthusiasm. The plot of the play, though old-fashioned and familiar enough in all conscience, is singularly unconventional in treatment for operatic purposes. It is probably the first time in the history of romantic opera that the principal tenor appears during the chief act of the drama as an old, broken-down, and poverty-stricken beggar. That fact alone will show how very far we have wandered from the beaten operatic track since the golden days when Mario would have revolted from appearing without his velvet and satin and all the stock which went to enhance his famous presence. It would be inconceivable to think of him attired, as we saw Van Dyck the other day, in a ragged and muddy suit of clothes, with unshaven face, bushy brows, and a straw hat that dated from the Pyramids. Again, premising that the opera consists of two acts, it is to be recorded that, after the first act, the prima-donna commits suicide, and that thirty years elapse between the first and second acts, surely the very lightness with which the public now receives these revolutionary developments shows pretty conclusively with what a completeness the bridge over the Rubicon of Italian opera has been destroyed and ground to powder. And the music?

Well, the music has been largely influenced by Wagner and Weber. It has been condemned in various quarters on account of its frequent references to other composers' works, and doubtless there is a good deal of reminiscence in it. It was undoubtedly queer to hear the Coronation March from "Le Prophète" masquerading in the form of a love-song, and no less queer to hear a solemn little religious piece by Beethoven prelude the village festivities; and familiarly peeped out here, and the modern ballet there, at wondrously frequent intervals. Yet, though this is all true, the work need not be condemned on that account. It has, to a large extent, a sort of personal originality of its own, it is cleverly orchestrated, it very seldom bores, it is always intelligent, and it is full of ingenious surprises. The hymns of the second act arranged for children's voices are quite charming, and the melody of the whole, though sometimes common, is often exceedingly pretty. The principal parts, on the first production, were taken with great success and earnestness by Mr. David Bispham, Mr. Van Dyck, Miss Marie Ringle, Madame Schumann-Haink, and Mr. Prospero Bringle. Herr Liedem as a comic tailor was very amusing. One curious point about the opera was the appearance of a boy, and an English boy too, in the programme with the grown-ups. This "honourable mention" has fallen to the lot of Master Philip Brown, who acquitted himself so excellently as one of the two little pages in Mr. George Alexander's recent production of "As You Like It." The quality of this very young gentleman's voice has, I understand, been found quite effective and in every way satisfactory in his solo in the great opera-house. He is well known as a soloist in some of the more important Roman Catholic Churches of the Metropolis, and his most recent achievement should be of considerable assistance to him in his future artistic career.

"Mr. Fred. Regnal's" opera "Inez Mendo" was very enthusiastically greeted by a crowded house on Saturday night. Founded on a story by Prospero Mérimée, it has been dramatised partly by M. Pierre Decourcelle, the author of "Two Little Wogaboys." It is almost Gilbertian in essence, for the hereditary executioner of a Gallic village (date 1680), called Juan Mendo (M. Renaud), is called upon to execute his son-in-law, a young nobleman (M. Alvarez) who marries Inez Mendo (Madame Saville) while waiting for the scaffold. Mendo saves the situation by stabbing himself, and thus redeeming blood with blood, for the nobleman

had killed a rival in a duel. The music is facile and pretty in parts and the opera will most likely be very popular.

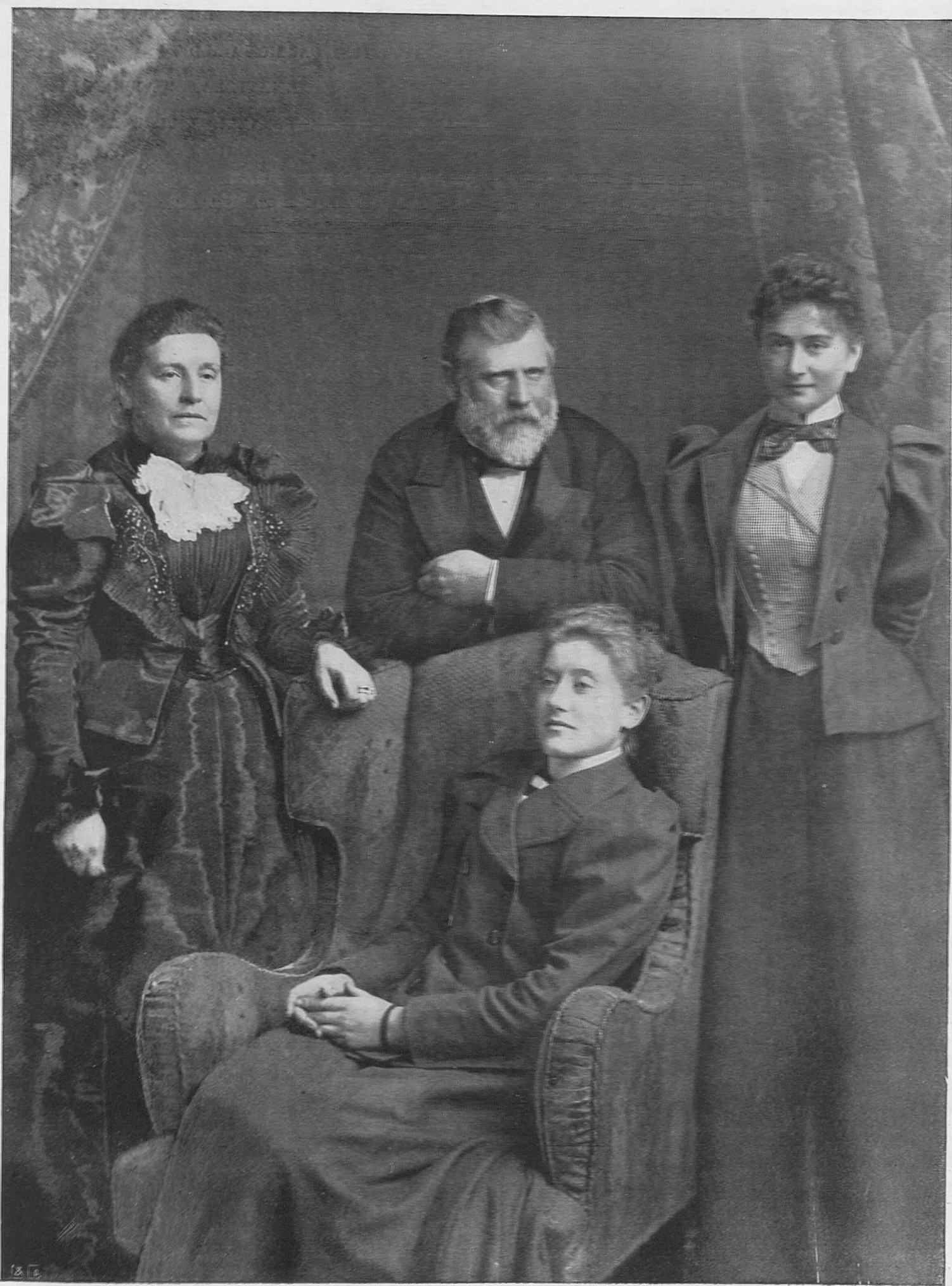
In everyday life "M. Regnal" is Baron Frederick d'Erlanger, his pseudonym being evolved out of the first two syllables of his name when read backwards. The third son of the famous banker, he is already well known in the musical world in London, a "Suite Symphonique" from his pen having gained high praise when performed in the Queen's Hall. His love of music is inherited from his father, and from his earliest childhood he has been associated with the musical classics, beginning to play the piano when only five years of age. His studies were directed by M. A. Ehrmant, to whose care in the choice of his pupil's music is probably due the purity of his style, and from him he also learnt composition, but orchestration he has chiefly taught himself by studying the scores of the masters, particularly those of Mendelssohn and the French school. Being always able to call a private rehearsal of his works, he has had the advantage of hearing his compositions and judging the effects and defects of his scores before they finally left his desk. His first compositions were a series of songs, but his most important are a sonata for piano and violin, a string quartette, two Suites Symphoniques, a study for piano, and an opera in two acts, called "Jehan de Saintré," which was successfully performed, in French, at Aix-les-Bains by the best artists from the Opéra Comique, and later on in German at the Stadttheater in Hamburg. M. d'Erlanger is devoted to melody and form, and in all his work endeavours to write "modern music" in the mould of the classic masterpieces.

Meanwhile, M. Renaud, the famous Paris baritone, has made another successful appearance as the Comte de Nevers in "Les Huguenots." The part is assuredly not a very big one, but he certainly managed to make the most of it, partly by his very noble presence, which he decorated with costumes designed in superb taste, partly by his most insinuating and courtier-like manners, and partly by his very attractive and powerful singing. He made one long very sincerely to see him in parts more worthy of his great powers. On Thursday Madame Melba drew probably the most crowded house of this season, on the occasion of her appearance for the first time this year in the part of Juliette. It was hoped that M. Jean de Reszke would sing Roméo to her Juliette, but at the last moment he was prevented by that famous indisposition of his. M. Bonnard took his place. This is one of Melba's best parts, and she sang it with as near an approach to perfection as could be looked for in this workaday world. The applause she received and the triumph she achieved were in every respect deserved.

"Le Nozze di Figaro" on Friday introduced us to a new Susanna in the person of Madame Clementine de Vere. She was born in Paris, her father being a scion of an ancient and noble Belgian family, and her mother an Englishwoman. A few years after her birth the family settled in Florence, where Madame de Vere received her musical training. At sixteen she made her debut in Florence as the Queen in "Les Huguenots," her great success and her extreme youth causing quite a furore. At eighteen she was engaged for two years at the Grand Opera, Paris, her most successful rôles being those in "Lucia," "Rigoletto," "Dinorah," "Hamlet," and "Faust." The last two she studied under the composers Thomas and Gounod. A tour in Mexico and South America followed, and afterwards she sang in Spain and the principal theatres in Italy. While singing in Barcelona she accepted a profitable engagement for the United States with Campini. Her success was so great that she practically settled in America. She became the leading concert and oratorio singer in the States, and enjoyed perhaps the highest salary ever paid a church-singer, namely, a thousand pounds a-year for three years, singing once a-week, with four months' vacation, at the West Presbyterian Church, New York. During her holidays she appeared in London at the Popular, Richter, and Philharmonic Concerts. Last January, owing to the indisposition of Madame Calvé, who was to have appeared as Ophelia in "Hamlet," in New York, Madame de Vere accepted the rôle at a few hours' notice, and, although she had not appeared in the part for six years, scored a tremendous success, and was engaged for the remainder of the season, appearing in "Rigoletto," "Carmen," "Les Huguenots," "Le Cid," and "Faust."



MADAME DE VÈRE.
Photo by Dupont, New York.



FROM A COLONY WHICH LOVES "THE SKETCH."

THE RIGHT HON. R. J. SEDDON, PRIME MINISTER OF NEW ZEALAND, AND HIS FAMILY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.40 (until July 24),
A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE, by Sydney Grundy.
MISS WINIFRED EMMY, MR. CYRIL MAUDE, and MR. WILLIAM TERRISS.
MATINEES TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) and SATURDAY, July 24, at 2.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, Mr. H. BREERBOHM TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30. Doors open 8.
THE SILVER KEY.

A Comedy in four acts by Sydney Grundy, adapted from the celebrated play *Mile de Belle Isle*, by Alexandre Dumas.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 21, and EVERY FOLLOWING WEDNESDAY, at 2.30.
Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) 10 to 10. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, UNDER ONE FLAG

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GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

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BALLET VICTORIA AND MERRIE ENGLAND and THE TZIGANE.

Exceptional Variety Programme.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Box Office (10 to 6) is now transferred to the Charing Cross Road.
ALFRED MOULT, General Manager.

VICTORIAN ERA EXHIBITION, Earl's Court, London, S.W.

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Open daily 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Admission 1s.

60 YEARS OF HER MAJESTY'S REIGN.

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Including Exhibits specially lent by HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN and
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60 YEARS OF BRITISH BAKING.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH BREWING.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH DISTILLING.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH TANNING.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH DYEING.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH PRINTING.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH BOOKBINDING.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH PAPERMAKING.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH GLASSMAKING.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH POTTERY.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH CERAMICS.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH JEWELLERY.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH SILVERWARE.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH CROCKERY.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH CHINAWARE.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH FURNITURE.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH CARPENTRY.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH JOINERY.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH PAINTING.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH SCULPTURE.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH ARCHITECTURE.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH GARDENING.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH FARMING.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH MINING.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH COALING.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH IRONING.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH CLOTHING.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH SHOEING.

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60 YEARS OF BRITISH TANNING.

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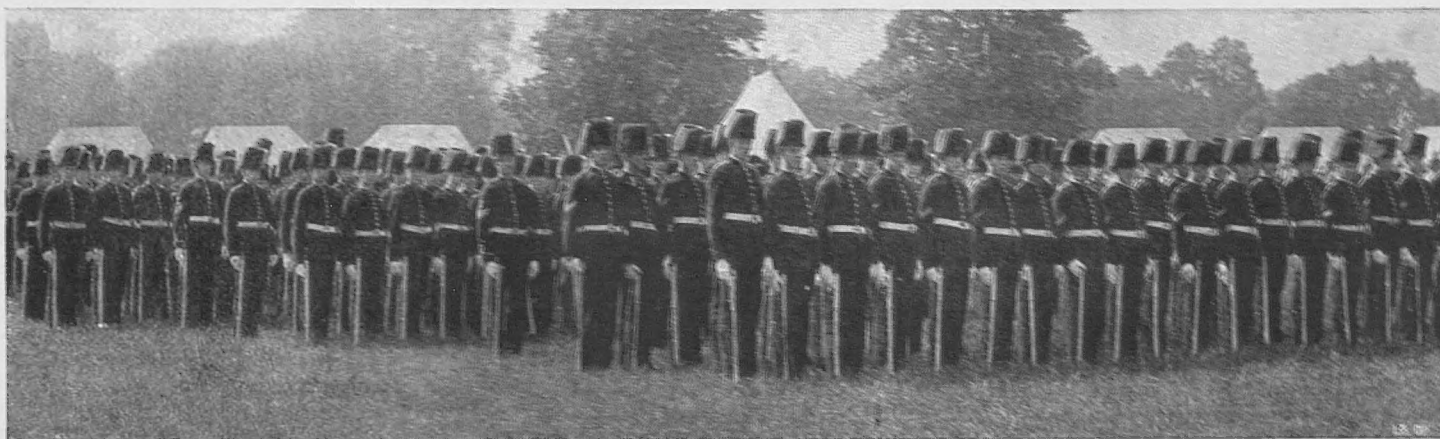
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PUBLIC SCHOOL BOYS AS VOLUNTEERS.

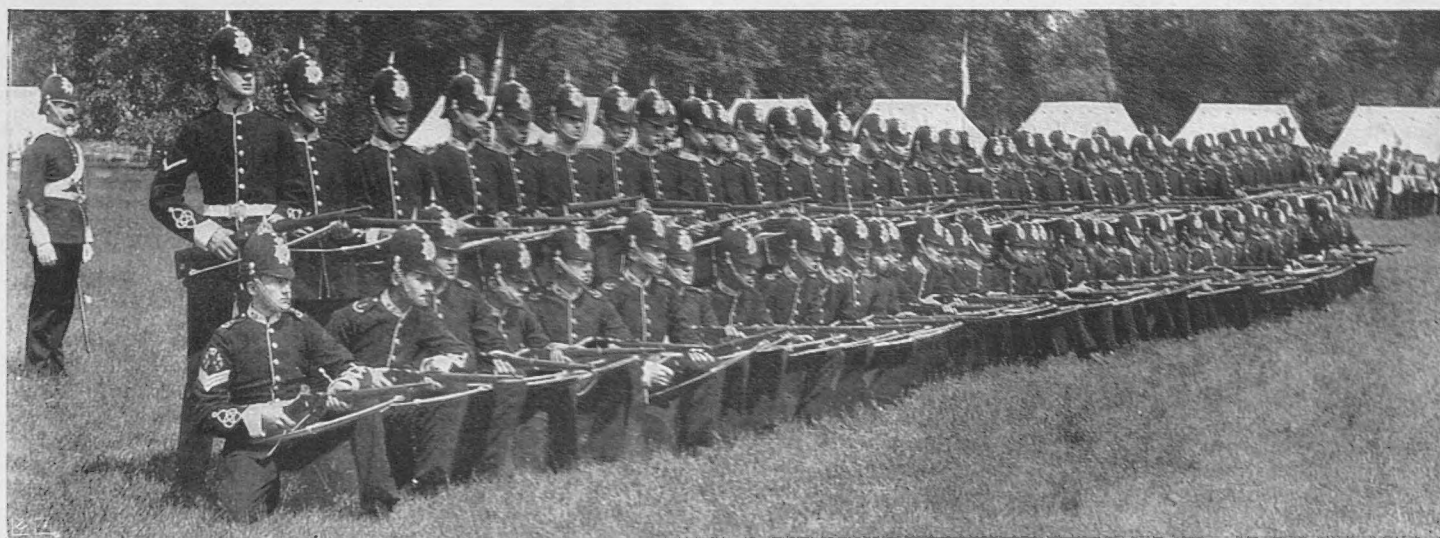
Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



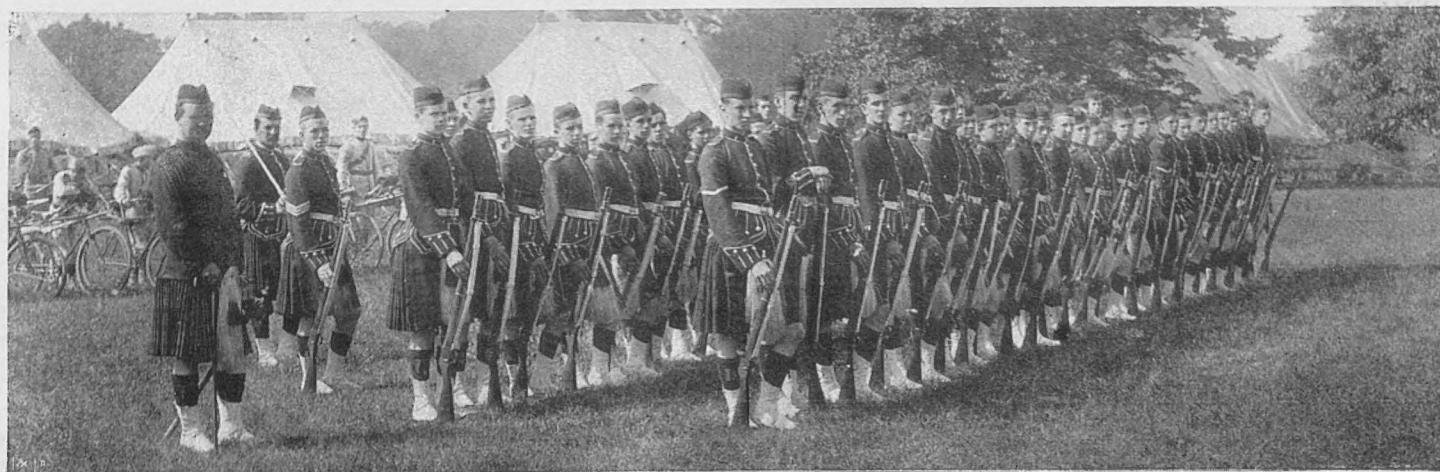
MERCHISTON.



MALVERN.

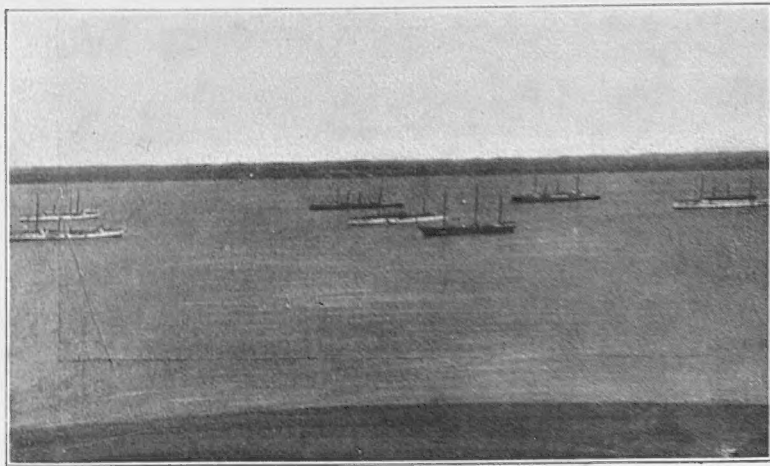


UPPINGHAM.



BLAIR LODGE.

The situation in Africa has not been brightened by the rumoured German attempt to jockey Britain out of the power to purchase Delagoa Bay. The far shore in the accompanying picture is the portion of Catembe which has been purchased by a German firm. The photograph



DELAGOA BAY.

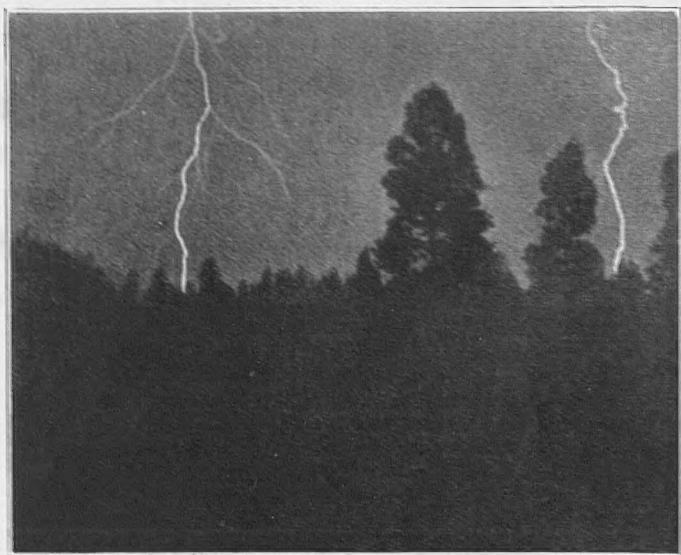
Photo by Carl W. Oederwall.

was taken when our fleet was recently in the Bay. The ships, taken from right to left and the nearest line first, are H.M.S. *Fox* (flagship *pro tem.*), *Phæbe*, and *Raccoon*; outer line, *Astræa*, *Scylla*, and *Brisk*.

Eureka, which describes itself as the "Playgoer's Magazine and Guide," has enlarged itself to eighty pages. It is useful for its programmes and plans of theatres, but it does not know how to arrange its portraits. This month it has interviewed Mr. Arthur A'Beckett, whose children, it appears, once issued a *Nursery Gazette*, to which they induced their father's *Punch* colleague, Mr. Anstey Guthrie, to contribute.

That capital Post Office magazine, *St. Martin's-le-Grand*, naturally enough celebrates its July issue by dealing with the Post Office in the reign of the Queen. The Postal Congress at Washington (to which the terrible reporter was not admitted) is described, and there are some very funny examples of the English of Indian Postal officials. Mr. W. W. Jacobs, the new humorist, is biographed, for he has been for more than thirteen years in the Post Office Savings Bank, and is thus "one of ours."

During the summer and autumn the thunderstorms in the Transvaal—indeed, throughout South Africa—are very bad, albeit grand. While travelling up country at these periods the sight is not to be forgotten, since the bare great veldt is lighted up for miles, and in the Orange Free State especially—a very flat country—mountains and kopjes can be seen sixty to eighty miles off by the aid of lightning. The remarkable photograph here produced will give an idea of what a March night is like in the neighbourhood of the Golden City, for Rosettenville is only about three miles outside Johannesburg. This lightning is apparently striking right down on the racecourse. It will be seen there are two



THE LIGHTNING AT ROSETTENVILLE, JOHANNESBURG.

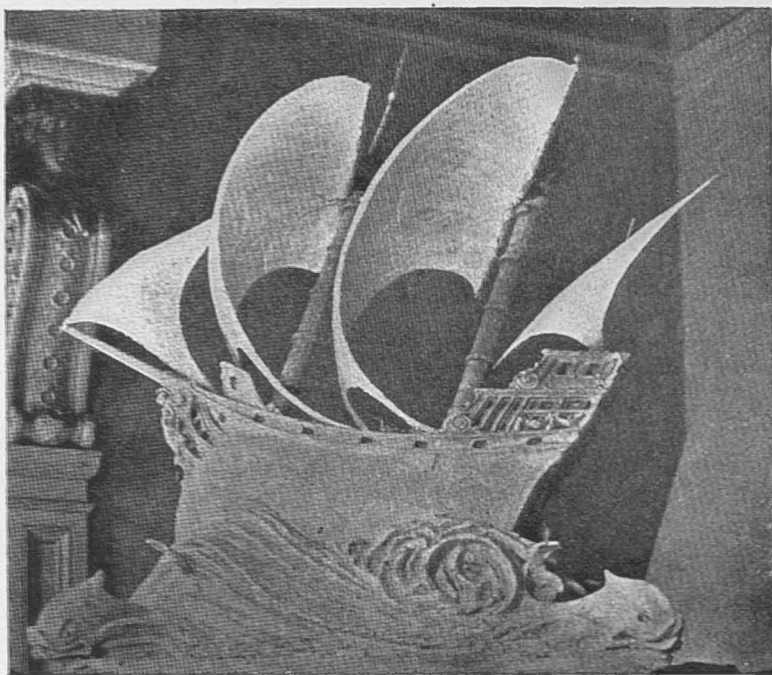
kinds, forked and chain-like. As can easily be imagined, night was for the moment turned into day. The brilliancy on this occasion was unbearable, and rain fell in torrents. The photograph is by Lieutenant G. Finch-Smith, whose name will be honourably remembered in connection with the late war in Mashonaland.

It seems to me that San Francisco is infinitely more Stevensonian than Edinburgh itself. A monument is to be erected to the author in the old

Plaza of the town, and, as he wrote "The Wreckers" there, it appropriately takes the form of a ship, a "thirty-gunner" of the sixteenth century, careening along westward, with golden sails full-spread, and with the figure of Pallas, looking toward the setting sun, upon the bow. The ship is some five feet high. Below is a simple granite plinth, upon which is inscribed the famous passage from Stevenson's "Christmas Sermon," beginning—

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less, to keep a few friends, and these without capitulation.

The simplicity of the monument will probably be its greatest charm. On one surface of the plinth is to be a spigot and cup, and underneath a drip-stone designed especially for thirsty dogs. When Stevenson was in San Francisco, and going to and fro about the city, he often commented upon the Lotta Fountain, lamenting the absence of a drip-stone for the dogs, such as will appear upon his own monument in the Plaza. The name of the ship will be the *Bonaventure*, and the sight of it, sailing always westward, will be, in a manner, a reproach, and, it is just barely possible, an inspiration, to some of the stranded and shattered human wrecks that have taken ground upon the Plaza—the jetsam of misfortune. Mr. Bruce Porter and Mr. Willis Polk are the designers and promoters of the happy idea, and Mr. George Pipers is the sculptor; but, indeed, all the world has aided, including Mr. Lang and Sir Henry Irving. The expense of the stone plinth has yet to be defrayed. "The little monument in San Francisco," says the *Wave*, to which I am indebted for the picture, "is but the concrete expression of a wave of sympathy and hearty affection as wide and as vast as the whole Anglo-Saxon race."



THE STEVENSON SHIP FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

From the San Francisco "Wave."

It was wicked of the House of Commons to talk on "verminous persons" on the day that the emancipated women expected progress to be made with the Female Franchise Bill. The humour of members is sometimes very broad. They might have used another subject to block the measure in which the ambitious ladies who filled the outer lobby were interested. But there was a deep quarrel between the sexes. The ladies had shown too openly their consciousness of mental superiority, and the monster, man, took his revenge. This was, of course, very ungallant. It was also unkind of members to leave so many ladies standing in the hall. One heard the gibe of the genial humorist that those who advocated women's rights were usually men's lefts. Some of the ladies, it is true, advertised their independence of fashion by fantastic garments, but many were well dressed enough to accompany even a fastidious dandy to the Terrace.

If there were only half-a-dozen Sir Richard Temples in the House, the advocates of woman's suffrage who thus came clamouring to the Outer Lobby would not have been left to stand there. But there was only one Sir Richard, and he is no longer a member. He revisited the familiar scene on this interesting occasion, only to give sympathy to the fair suitors. Mr. Macdona seemed at one time likely to succeed Sir Richard as the gallant man of the House; but his arduous duties as one of the private secretaries to the Secretary to the Treasury, which have interfered even with his golf-playing, have prevented him from showing to ladies that attention which they deserve, and which he would have been so proud to give. One pretty group after another passes through the Lobbies to the Terrace on these fine summer evenings. Those, however, are not, as a rule, anxious to secure a vote. Nor are they domestic women whose only thought is for husband and children, for pins and needles; they are fashionable ladies from Mayfair whom the Whips know and whose names are on every invitation list. For such there is no lack of hosts and guides willing to do the honours of the House.

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The London Playing-Fields Committee are attempting to get a Queen's memorial for cricketers and football-players in the shape of St. George's, Raynes Park, Surrey, which is twenty-five acres in extent, and is named after the Duke of York, who is President of the Committee. One acre of the ground already belongs to the Committee; the remainder will cost nearly £10,000. During the six years of its existence the Committee has secured and laid out close upon one hundred cricket pitches and eighteen football grounds. The Hon. E. Chandos Leigh, C.B., House of Commons, is Chairman of the Committee.

Rather a good story is told at the expense of Russian honesty. When in Paris, one of the officers attached to the suite of the Czar expressed his admiration for a certain brandy that President Faure had hunted out of his cellars. M. Faure decided some weeks ago to send him a cask, and it duly arrived at the French Consulate at St. Petersburg; but when it was sent on from there, with its official address removed, the railway servants treated it as ordinary passenger's luggage, and, having drunk the lot, filled it up with water. The officer thought that he was the victim of a practical joke, but, finding that he was not, set some score of railway detectives at work to discover "who drank dat brandy?" The President has meanwhile sent on another cask.

The Worshipful Company of Blacksmiths have just had presented them by the members of their Court a handsome solid silver loving-cup, in memory of the Jubilee. The design is severely plain but very graceful in outline, the massive scroll handles giving a perfect finish to



A LOVING-CUP.

it. The lid is surmounted by the crest of the company, modelled in high relief. The work has been carried out with good taste and skill by the manufacturers, Wilson and Gill, of Regent Street.

A fairly familiar figure in Paris life has just passed away by the death of the Princesse Isabelle de Bourbon. You saw her in the streets dressed in the most extraordinary costumes, and leaving the whole air laden with some highly scented perfume. Her face was almost masculine, and, be it said, noticeably unwashed. She dined in low-class eating-houses, and passed whole afternoons drinking and dice-throwing with cabmen and errand-boys. Whether she did all this out of disgust for the Republic, it is difficult to say; but it is certain that at times she would change her mode of life and become once more an aristocrat in her manner. She died penniless, and the Republic buried her.

François Coppée took a very trying method the other day to prove to the world that he was not dying, as the newspapers persisted in saying. In simple words that were exceedingly painful to read, he described the bandages about his body and the smell of the drugs that annoyed his nostrils, and after this preface he wrote with his accustomed grace a brilliant column and a-half article. He clearly suggests that it was the wearisomeness of always seeing the state of his health exaggerated that led him to undertake this task. And if he had been in America!

The experiments undertaken in the presence of M. Pallain, Chief of the Customs Department in the French Ministry of Finances, to determine the efficiency of Professor Gaston Séguy's new X-ray apparatus as a means of inspecting luggage and merchandise, seem to have met with success, judging from the fact that a large number of these machines are now to be manufactured for Government account. Professor Séguy's apparatus possesses the fourfold advantage of being compact, easily

handled, cheap of production, and last, but not least, of rendering its fluorescence visible in broad daylight. This particular advantage it is, indeed, which constitutes its great importance for Custom House purposes. A Custom House officer need only apply the *lorgnette humaine* or fluorescent stereoscope to his eyes in order to detect the presence of any



CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICERS AND THE RÖNTGEN RAYS.

metallic substance, jewellery, precious stones, tobacco, cigars, glass, and also of many kinds of textile fabrics, laces, and brocades, packed away in the interior of trunks or bales of merchandise, providing, of course, the latter be exposed to the X-rays at the moment. Heretofore such an operation necessitated a very costly and complicated machinery, and, above all, complete obscurity.

The accompanying photograph shows the entire apparatus in working order. On the left we see the box containing the accumulator, and the Crookes tube emitting the rays. In the centre stands an assistant holding a hand-satchel, and on the right the individual acting as inspector looking through the stereoscope. The large end of this device is fitted with the usual fluorescent screen, upon which the contents of the satchel are reflected if they be substances opaque to the rays. The reader will readily appreciate the enormous advantages to be derived from this new system of Custom House inspection, the saving of time and trouble, and the increased revenue to the Treasury by reason of the insurmountable obstacles thrown in the way of would-be smugglers. British tourists will be specially grateful for the relief it will bring to them in ending the officious meddling with their most treasured belongings so frequent at French Customs stations. The point that suggests itself to me is this. If one of the inspectors should, from an artist's and a fashionable modiste's point of view combined, regard a lady's bust as being out of proportion or her skirts too voluminous, is he going to—? Well, the idea is too harrowing to dwell on.

The people who travelled down to the summer festival at Reedham Orphanage got a very good idea of the excellent work that is being



REEDHAM ORPHANAGE.

done at that institution. The boys wore red-and-blue sashes on their white shirts, and the laundry, workshops, and schoolrooms were inspected by the visitors with much interest.

bring me word that our house had fallen. Knowing that natives are given to exaggeration, we thought he was doing it in this case, and we hoped that matters were not quite so bad as he represented; but, of course, we returned at once, prepared for the worst. And it was the worst that had happened. The centre portion of our house had entirely collapsed; the big verandah at the back had fallen outwards; the whole upper portion of the house is a total wreck. The roof, which was very heavy, must have fallen in with a tremendous crash, and it smashed through the drawing-room floor, carrying everything with it—piano and furniture. All the pictures are broken past recognition: the contents of our rooms are now nothing but a lot of firewood and broken crockery.

The editor of the *Indian Daily News*, writing privately to his London correspondent, gives the following account of the experiences of that paper in the earthquake—

From the file of the newspaper sent you this week you will observe that we have had a most alarming earthquake here on Saturday last—in fact, not only here, but seemingly over the greater part of India. I am writing to you as to our experiences in getting out the *Indian Daily News*, which, I should think, have been unique in journalism. . . . The particulars are these. The earthquake happened on Saturday afternoon about five, roughly, and the *Daily News* office—a three-storeyed building with very high verandahs, facing south—sustained severe damage. The verandah separated itself from the main building, and the interior of the building was cracked in several places, the editorial rooms being completely covered with plaster, bricks, &c. The debris was cleared on Sunday morning, and work commenced for Monday's issue. Work was continued all day under these circumstances, and suddenly, at eight at night, the verandah lurched forward six inches, but did not come to the ground. A surveyor was on the spot, and pronounced the building positively dangerous, and an official note was handed to me, stating that I should be criminally liable if I worked the presses there that night, as the vibration caused by the machinery running would bring the whole structure down like a pack of cards. I was also informed that my compositors must be cleared out without delay. It was Sunday, and there were no presses open, and there was no press large enough to print the *Daily News* in Calcutta. After knocking up the owners of several presses, who regretted their inability to oblige me, I at last found a press proprietor, about 10.30 p.m., who said I could have the use of his presses. Meantime, these negotiations were all being carried on under a heavy downpour, and I was soaked through. We made up our pages

outside in the rain and alongside the building, which, being rendered loose with the rain, threatened to drop every minute. We got one forme into the press, and while the other forme was being carried through the streets, still in the rain, one page burst and spread itself over Bentinck Street. It was now 3 a.m., and we had no other resource but to come out with a blank page—the most curious journal that has ever seen the light of day in India. You will, perhaps, understand the great difficulties we have had to contend against, knowing India as you do. At home such a thing would be nothing to speak of, but we have been highly complimented on our pluckiness, and the copy is now historic, the demand being unprecedented.

P.S.—The paper is now being printed in three different presses.

Added to these misfortunes there is the plague and the consequent riots in Bombay. It is now six months since the plague in India broke out. It first appeared in Poona, and for three months the task of coping with it was entrusted to the local native municipality. But, as they proved incompetent to deal with it, in the middle of March the Government of India called for volunteers from the Poona garrison. Over nine hundred officers and men came forward, and in six weeks from the time they began operations they succeeded in completely stamping out the epidemic—a record performance when it is remembered that the accepted duration of an epidemic is from seven to ten months. The Government also enlisted the services of even ladies, among them Miss Rubertina Dias, who is the first Indo-Portuguese woman doctor who has commanded a successful practice in Poona.

Although in Poona alone more than three thousand persons have perished from the plague, the people have strongly objected to the inconvenience to which they have been submitted by the necessary regulations. In Bombay they celebrated the Jubilee by retaliating on Mr. Rand, of the Civil Service, who was President of the Plague Committee, and Lieut. Ayerst, of the Indian Staff, who were fired at and succumbed to their injuries. Mr. Rand was educated at Dulwich College and Balliol, entering the Indian Civil Service sixteen years ago. One of the accompanying pictures shows him engaged in the arduous duties connected with the attempt to stamp out the plague.



DR. RUBERTINA DIAS.

Photo by Franje, Poona.



HELPING A PLAGUE PATIENT INTO A CART.



CAPTAIN IREMONGER AND THE LATE MR. RAND.



BURNING INFECTED BEDDING.



REMOVING THE DEAD.

THE CANADIANS AND DUTCH AT HENLEY.

Photographs by Marsh, Henley-on-Thames.

On leaving the betattered and bedraggled Metropolis, still unrecovered from its Jubilee dissipation, the Arcadian leafy loveliness with which Nature has bountifully robed the valley of the Upper Thames, especially



THE WINNIPEG CREW.

round about Henley, impressed me tremendously last week (writes a representative of *The Sketch*). But Henley, the "Mecca of the rowing-man," was itself on the eve of its annual regatta, a meeting inaugurated fifty-eight years ago as a contest for the Grand Challenge Cup, now held to be the "blue ribbon" of the amateur rowing world. Since then much has happened and many changes have obtained, while I fear me the great trials of training and of oarsmanship have become lost sight of to a very appreciable extent in what is now little better than an aquatic carnival of the *demi-monde*.

There is one change of late years in Henley Regatta that I do not regret, and that is that it has acquired more of an international character. At first a contest for the most part among the minor sections of the University rowing-clubs, it now offers its prizes to more open competition, and the invitation has been agreeably received. However, want of space warns me to "cut the cackle" as to matters of history and to "come straight away" to my interviews with our visitors from the Dominion of Canada and our still nearer neighbours the "Dutchmen."

I first called on our Canadian cousins, and for the best of reasons, because they were lodged nearer the station, at the Angel, which had prinked itself out with window-gardens of yellow and scarlet, not having soared apparently to the more appropriate tints of blue and cardinal, the "colours" of its distinguished visitors, whose expenses over here, I understand, are defrayed by Mr. T. R. Dewar, Sheriff-Elect of London.

In all poses of unstudied muscular ease I found the quartette who had come from distant Winnipeg with the hope of carrying back historic laurels to their snowbound country. These are their names: I. C. Green-Armytage (bow), A. J. K. Osborne, R. R. Lloyd, C. L. Marks (stroke), while Mr. D. J. Murphy is their coach.

"The patron of our club," said Mr. Green-Armytage, "is Sir Donald Smith (now Lord Glenase). In Winnipeg our active strength is only about two hundred members (please remember the city itself is only twenty years old), so selection is limited. Besides, we don't get a long chance of practising. You must remember that the Red River is not open till the middle of April, and is closed again by the end of August."

"Now tell me the character of the water to which you have all been accustomed?"

"The Red River is about three times the width of your Thames here, and the stream is heavier and faster. Oh no, it is not full of snags—nothing of the kind. No, that is not the reason our boat, built, by the way, by Messrs. Watson and Son, of Troy, New York, is made of compressed sheets of paper intermixed with shalloe. Our opinion is, shortly, that that material is more suitable than any other for a crew to use for a racing-boat."

"Some of the critics have remarked that your style of rowing is rather short and scratchy in the stroke?"

"It is not nearly as short as that of our Dutch neighbours over the way, I think," remarked Mr. Lloyd, the only one of the crew who had previously been in England, which in his case was by the accident of his birth. "Our slides are longer, so we don't appear to bend forward and throw ourselves as far back as do your English crews. You ask what races we are going in for? Only for the Stewards' Cup."

Then I hied me across Henley Bridge to the boat-house behind the Carpenter's Arms, where our friends from the Netherlands daily launch their boat. I found them as nice a set of gentlemen athletes as one would wish to meet. They are from Utrecht University, and they consist of medical students, with one exception, a handsome young man who is devoted to theology and who speaks English remarkably well.

Their names are D. Herderschêe, A. G. H. van Romondt, H. W. van Rhyn, F. J. Noordhoek Hegt, C. Hartog (bow of the four), C. Lulofs, L. E. Brandt, J. G. Maltzer (stroke), and D. T. van Duyl (cox).

Holland is far richer than Canada (the comparison being for the nonce purely accidental) in rowing clubs. The students of Utrecht, Amsterdam, Leyden, and Delft supply the greater number; but the non-student clubs are increasing. Everyone will remember that four years ago Ooms carried off the "Diamonds," and this year Blussé, of the De Hoop Club in Amsterdam, a non-student, is about to try his luck and skill for the same prize.

"Our boat," remarked L. E. Brandt to me after I had introduced myself previous to their embarking on a paddle, "is of mahogany, and is built by Deichmann and Ritchie (an Englishman). You will notice that the internal work is very light and open, and that the rowlocks work on swivels and joints. You may recollect that, although we have not been in England before, Amsterdam students won the Thames Challenge Cup two years ago."

"I hear that your four is very strong?"

"That is correct, and much may be ascribed to the fact that this is the third year of this combination. As to our training, of which you ask, it is very similar to that in vogue among Englishmen, with one exception possibly, and that is that we believe in the efficacy of taking eight or nine lumps of sugar before a race. Oh yes, you may smile; but you should recollect that your Dr. Harley agrees with our Professor, Dr. Zekelharing—although I

admit that our Dr. Stokvis disagrees—that albeit meat nourishes muscle, sugar gives increased vital power, especially temporarily."

"Well, I am not a doctor, so I will refrain from discussing the question. Now tell me what records you have?"

"We raced last year at Frankfort and Ems, both with our four and eight, and carried off five prizes. We also contended at Kiel, where we both won and lost a race."

"The fact of our English ladies sculling and punting must astonish you greatly?"

"It does indeed, especially as regards the great skill they display. No, in Holland we have no ladies devoted to rowing, a fact not to be wondered at when I tell you that at Utrecht there are no more than two wherries in existence."

"It must be much encouragement to all strangers to know that, without fear or favour, the best crew wins?"

"Assuredly," was the reply; and then our interview ended.



THE DUTCH CREW.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MR. ANSTEY'S HENLEY PARTY.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

"Of course you are going to Henley, Mrs. Van Schaick?"

The question was put to a very smart little American widow by one of her compatriots who had "come over" with her in the *Mesopotamia*. They were seated under the trees in the Park; it was midday, the height of the Season, a full assemblage, a crowded Row; the sun shone brightly, the rhododendrons were all ablaze with colour; so were the fair sex, following the present peacock fashion.

"Henley—Henley? I can't say that I am, Mr. Pringle."

Her answer was careless, her manner indifferent. She did not think very much of this Mr. Pringle, a steamer acquaintance, who had been obliging, useful in his way, on the voyage across, but whom she would willingly have dropped when ashore. There was very little show about him. She knew nothing of him, of his birth, belongings, position in society, while Mrs. Van Schaick was somebody—one of the Ansteyes, a name synonymous in America and beyond it with great wealth. But Mr. Pringle had stuck to her with the pertinacity of a stranger in a strange country with but few friends on this side, and she had found a difficulty in shaking him off.

Just now, too, he was very much *de trop*. She saw another friend approaching, one of the right sort—an Englishman, a gay young Guardsman whose acquaintance she had made in the smartest London set, and who now came sailing down the walk with that air of supreme, arrogant self-satisfaction only to be seen in one of our gilded youths.

"Mornin', Mrs. Van," said Captain Lutyens with friendly familiarity. "Is this good enough for you? Going to Henley?"

"Why, that's what Mr. Pringle has been asking me"; she moved one finger in the direction of her neighbour, but made no attempt to introduce the two.

Whereupon the other man, Mr. Pringle, got up scowling, and with a few muttered words of farewell took himself off.

"Who's that chap? Rather a bounder," remarked Lutyens airily.

"He's an Amurrican; perhaps that's why he's not to your taste," said Mrs. Van Schaick, pretending to be offended.

"I like some Americans first class. Yourself, for example."

"You do me too much honour, Captain Lutyens. But you haven't told me yet about Henley. Where is it? What is it?"

"About the most enjoyable thing to be done in this old country. Everyone should go to Henley once in their lives, and especially you."

"Why especially me?"

"Because it would suit you, and you it, down to the ground. You'd cut 'em all out. Give 'em all the knock, Mrs. Van. It would be a sin and a shame for you not to go to Henley now you've got the chance."

"Well, I haven't, anyway, unless you'll take me."

"I'd do that fast enough, no fear. But you've got a far better string than me. Isn't your brother Mr. Anstey of Shurleyford Court, the great Cæsus, with one of the finest places on the Thames? Get him to give a Henley party, and ask me. He won't regret it."

"What! Silas? It's no good. He's a regular deadhead, a perfect recluse; never sees a soul, hates the whole earth, everything and everybody except his little boy Archie. He's wrapped up in him."

"Wish I was his little boy."

"Then Silas thinks something awful is going to happen to him. He has enemies, he says, people who owe him some great grudge and want to pay him off through Archie."

"Fact is, Mr. Anstey wants shaking up a bit, and you ought to do it, Mrs. Van, now you're here. Henley would be just the thing. Put it to him, and, if I can be of any use, send for me."

A woman who sets her heart on a thing generally gets what she wants, and Mrs. Van Schaick eventually talked her brother over. Mr. Anstey agreed reluctantly to give a Henley party, small, select, and done in the very best style. But, as he knew nothing about the river, although he resided almost constantly on its banks, and his sister, the pretty widow, knew less, Jack Lutyens was pressed into the service and came down at once to Shurleyford.

He was the first guest who had passed through the lodge-gates since Mr. Anstey had owned the Court. Although he came by special invitation, he was not admitted until he had been closely examined by the lodge-keeper, a burly, abrupt-speaking person, who might have been a pensioned policeman, and on his way up the avenue he was twice stopped and questioned as to his business at the house.

His welcome was, however, cordial enough. Mr. Anstey, a grave, sad-faced, lantern-jawed Yankee of few words, expressed pleasure at making his acquaintance, and Mrs. Van Schaick was all smiles.

They were soon deep in Henley plans.

"It's rather late in the day," said Jack; "but Sparrows will see us through if you'll pay the price. We must have a good houseboat. I think the *Minnehaha*'s still to let. Shall I row you up to have a look at her, Mrs. Van?"

"Why, it would be just perfect! When shall we start? Right now?"

"Please, Papa, may I go too?" asked bright-faced little Archie, and his father refused with more energy than the occasion seemed to require.

But both Mrs. Van and Lutyens pleaded for him, and in the end, Mr. Anstey, with rather a bad grace, gave way.

Outside, the river was shining under the sun, hot, white, and still; it was a by-day, few people were about; only one punt was moored just opposite, and in it a single figure under a red parasol. A pair-oar, too, had shot out from the bank below, and came pulling up-stream behind them as Jack left the Shurleyford boat-house.

It would have astonished the occupants of the first boat if they had heard what was being said in the second.

"Shucks! That's the kid. It's a splendid chance, Jake. What shall we do? Run the blessed boat right down?" asked the man steering.

"It's too open hereabouts," answered the other man with the sculls. "Wait till we get further up. The Temple locks, say, or at Hurley. They may give themselves away. I don't want to be seen—not too soon."

"Yah! you're a poor sort of tough. I'm for overhauling them, and making a bold stroke right on the nail. There are two of us, and we mean business. You hit the fellow over and I'll snap up the kid. We'll make for the far shore and run for it. Pull, Jack. Put your back into it. We'll catch them up in no time now."

But Lutyens was a strong oar; he had been a "wet bob" at Eton, and he had rowed in his college boat. Now, when he saw or fancied he saw the boat astern trying to pass him, he gave way and just played with Jake, keeping always easily ahead.

The lock-gates were shut, and Jack Lutyens was first at the slide. He was out and had the bow of his boat on the rollers when the others came up awkwardly, as though there were bunglers aboard.

Their boat was badly steered, it had too much way on, and it bumped right into the stern of the Shurleyford lot, so that Mrs. Van Schaick was thrown forward almost into the bottom of the boat.

"Look out!" sang out the young Guardsman furiously. "Where are you coming to? Miserable duffers! Who let you out in a boat?"

"Why, it's Mr. Pringle!" cried the little widow, recovering herself, and very angry. "It's too bad of you, really!"

Mr. Pringle, who was sculling, looked round. He was crimson in the face, and he doffed his hat with profuse apologies. But no one gave him any further attention, for by this time, the lock man lending a hand, Jack Lutyens had run the boat up and over into the water at the higher level.

"Who is your friend, Mrs. Van?" Jack asked, as he settled afresh to his work. "What's his beastly name? Pringle? Glad to know it and him, so as to give him a wide berth next time. Hope I may never see him again."

Meanwhile, the two, both Americans, by the way, remained below in altercation, divided whether to give up or go on. Eventually the boat dropped down-stream and took up its old place—one of observation, seemingly—among the overhanging leafage near Shurleyford Court.

Nothing more occurred till Henley. It was to be a first-rate Henley—weather magnificent, closely contested events; all smart people, royalties included, were to be present. But the chief interest centred around Mr. Anstey and his party. To keep this small was quite out of the question. It fairly ran away with Mrs. Van Schaick, who grew more and more excited as its dimensions increased. Everybody wanted to come. Mr. Anstey protested he would have no crowd; Mrs. Van wanted only the smartest people, Jack Lutyens only a few of his personal friends. Still the numbers grew, until it would be necessary, as Jack put it, to beat people off with a boat-hook; not only those who were asked would come, but many who were not.

There was at least one too many on the first day. The widow herself detected the intruder, and at once consulted Jack.

"It's that Mr. Pringle, Captain Lutyens—the man who ran into our boat. What am I to do? I don't like to tell Silas; he'd say it was my fault, for the creature calls himself a friend of mine."

"You're sure you didn't ask him?"

"No, indeed! Although he gave me the strongest hints. Now he has forced himself on us. It's quite insufferable!"

"Shall I pitch him overboard? Where is he? Show him to me."

"There he is, talking to Archie, trying to curry favour with the child. Do get rid of him!"

Jack Lutyens would have gone far to win the widow's approval, and he started at once to eject the intrusive Pringle.

"Look here, sir," he said abruptly, "I am commissioned to tell you you're not wanted. Now, will you go quietly? This is a pleasant gathering of friends, and it doesn't include you."

Mr. Pringle was quite unabashed. "Dear me!" he said coolly, "I had no idea I was *de trop*. Certainly Mrs. Van Schaick did not ask me; but we are old friends, and I felt sure the omission was a mistake, so I came of my own accord. However, if I'm not wanted, I'll make tracks right away."

There was nothing more seen of him that day or the next. The chief result of the affair was to draw the widow and Captain Lutyens more closely together. Henley is not a bad place for spooning; there may be solitude even in the greatest crowd, and although Mrs. Van was at times much engaged as hostess, she and Jack had many chances of a *tête-à-tête*, especially in a pair-oar, paddling lazily about to see the sights and enjoy the humours of the bright-coloured, animated river.

They were out in this way towards the end of the third day's regatta, having as an excuse gone first as far as the bridge to put some especially honoured guests ashore. Now they were returning to the houseboat, which could be seen a little way ahead, with its lavish



THE STORY OF BHANAVAR. By GEORGE MEREDITH. (No. 4.)

BHANAVAR AND HER SERPENTS.

Upon that she ran up a secret passage to her chamber, and rubbed the Jewel and called the Serpents to delight her soul with the sight of her power, and rolled and sported madly among them,

decoration, a blaze of white and purple flowers, and awnings striped red and white; but, instead of running alongside, Jack, without asking Mrs. Van, let his boat drop further down-stream, and proceeded then and there to unburthen his soul.

It was a witching hour, towards sundown at the end of a brilliant day; the surroundings were such as to develop sentiment, and Jack was encouraged to try his fate with the pretty widow.

He met with the response he hoped, but it was qualified with a grave doubt whether Mr. Anstey would approve. Mrs. Van said she was very much in his hands—not exactly dependent on him, of course; but still his consent was necessary, and he must be consulted. He had his own views, had hinted that she ought to make a brilliant match, some great personage with money, and all that—

“What was that?” she stopped suddenly to ask, as a faint, smothered cry fell upon their ears, a childish treble wailing—

“Auntie!”

It was followed by a sharper, more acute note, as of pain following a blow. Looking in the direction of the sound, they saw a couple of men landing from a wherry, and half carrying, half dragging a small figure between them across the meadow grass.

Again they heard the cry “Auntie!” and a few vigorous strokes brought Jack Lutyens to the bank, where he ran his boat in among the reeds, dashed through the water ashore, and gave chase. He could see just in front of him a couple of nigger minstrels running, and in their grasp, struggling still, the little figure of Archibald Anstey.

Jack, being unencumbered and light of foot, presently overtook the fugitives, and acted then with soldier-like promptitude. He still carried his boat-hook, and, hitching this in the collar of one of the men, he drew him back right down on the ground, and then, turning on the other, with one straight blow from the shoulder he knocked him over senseless.

“Run, Archie, run!” he cried to the boy. “You’ll find Auntie in the boat. Wait there for me.”

But now the scuffle had attracted a small crowd of loafers, who came up and took, as usual, the winning, and probably the paying, side. The niggers—one of them proved to be Pringle—were secured, and eventually a clear case of abduction was made out against them. Their precise object in carrying off the millionaire’s only child was not revealed; whether they meant merely to hold it to ransom, or whether they were wreaking revenge for some past wrong, real or fancied, did not come out. Mr. Anstey had, perhaps, his own reasons for hushing up the affair. But it was proved that Pringle’s presence uninvited on board the houseboat was to see how the land lay and to make plans for the abduction. He and his accomplice had held aloof after that until the last day, hoping to strike most effectually then, and they were quite successful up to a point, as we have seen. Archie had been lured to the stern of the houseboat by the disguised musicians, seized suddenly, and boldly carried off.

There could be no doubt as to Jack Lutyens’ gallant rescue, and Mr. Anstey’s gratitude was unbounded. He consented at once to the marriage, and made a very munificent settlement on his sister.

IGNOTÆ PUELLÆ.

I do not know the maiden’s name,
I only know her number;
But, oh! last night a vision came
And played the deuce with slumber.

Upon a shining brooch she wears
Her number as a waitress;
Light-heartedly away she bears
Me captive in a stray tress.

She never bandies words with me—
Indeed, I’m glad she doesn’t—
But fetches me my cup of tea,
And says I really mustn’t.

Oh! is it Kate they call you by,
Or Maud, or Ruth, or Annie?
Were I to guess, the name I’d try
Would probably be Fanny.

I watch your busy figure flit
Past my small corner table,
Contemptuous of the laboured wit
Of all the smoky babel.

And sometimes, as you pass, your eyes
Meet mine, and, half-relenting,
Your parted lips just tantalise,
And close again, repenting.

So, though the butter’s margarine,
The tea beyond expression,
I like to see your way serene
With youthful indiscretion.

And I shall never know your name;
But, sure, that doesn’t matter,
While, Phyllis, you remain the same,
Untouched by idle chatter. A. H. DIPLOCK.

HORS D’ŒUVRES.

The murders at Poona come as a grim comment on the general outburst of loyalty called forth by the Jubilee. It is possible that these assassinations, deliberately planned and adroitly carried out, and apparently approved by local native opinion, may give colour to the assertions of those who say that it is a hopeless task to govern India except by the strong hand, that natives can never be brought to understand the simplest rudiments of sound government, and that loyalty with them is another name for fear. Or again, the bitter feeling against the local officials that has found vent in murder may be—and, in fact, has been—taken by the enemies of England in Parliament and elsewhere to prove that our rule in India is outrageously oppressive, and that it is tottering to its fall.

And yet, when we look at the facts of the case calmly, and compare them with similar events in other countries, there seems no cause for despair, though much for consideration. The men whose lives were attempted had been zealous in sanitary work while the plague raged in Poona. Unable to command civilian help, they had called in soldiers, and had employed these, under their officers, in removing filth, in pulling down or burning plague-stricken dwellings, in disinfecting and whitewashing, in severing the healthy from the infected. All these things were absolutely necessary if the plague was to be checked; and checked it assuredly was. Think of the clamour that would have been raised in Parliament if thousands had been allowed to die out of deference to native prejudices! And yet all these modern sanitary precautions were outrages on the customs of the devout Hindoo, and many of them outrages on the puerile honour of the Mohammedan.

It is not in the least necessary to believe that, as vaguely alleged by a Poona native petition, and apparently credited by some House of Commons grievance-mongers, the soldiers and others employed on sanitary work committed other outrages—looting property or insulting women. Men who are risking their own lives in fighting a foul disease are not generally given to plundering. Possibly less consideration was shown to some pious and irrational opponents than might have been expedient. But that there was any prevalence of violent outrage under cover of sanitary work is an assertion contradicted by the very facts of human nature. Mere ruffians would not have faced the plague in its stronghold and driven it out, as these men did.

But, whether such statements are believed or not, the real reason for the murders lies in the regular work of the Plague Commission, and not in any casual incidents that might be distorted into outrages. These latter are meant chiefly for the ears of Parliamentary bores. The trouble is that the European official, urged by his own civilisation and by public opinion at home, refuses to let men die of the plague when he can save them by modern means; while the native subject had rather die decently than have the privacy of his home invaded, his household gods dispersed, and the sacred cow-dung ousted by secular whitewash. To many natives of India caste is still more than life. To save a man’s life by forbidden food or drugs is to do him the worst of injuries.

Add to this the intensely ignorant, credulous, and suspicious nature of the Oriental populace, and nothing more is needed to explain the feeling of hatred against the brave men who had fought the plague. It has been so in Europe in the Middle Ages and later. Not a few doctors have been murdered by Russian *moujiks* in cholera time, because they were supposed to be spreading the disease by poison. Enlightened officials in Sicily have had narrow escapes from peasants maddened with fear of pestilence. Nay, the picture of the cholera time in an English country town, drawn by Charles Kingsley in his “Two Years Ago,” shows the same irrational suspicion, the same religious horror of sanitation, the same angry hatred towards those who tried to avert or check the epidemic. Substitute a scheming, unscrupulous Brahmin for the ignorant local Bryanite preacher, and you have assassination instead of mere frothy denunciation.

But perhaps the Phoenix Park murders are the nearest recent parallel to the Poona crime. The general outburst of denunciation in the native Press against the Plague Commission; the careful organisation of the crime, the way in which an inoffensive man was butchered through being next the hated official—all these are strikingly parallel features. The punishment of Poona is to be borrowed from the Correion Acts—the quartering of a police force in the city. And yet, though disaffection is far more rife in Ireland than in most of India, matters have quieted down so that hardly can one Irish faction summon up sufficient venom to break a few heads in an opposing band of patriots. There is no need to dread a new Mutiny if only firmness in essentials is joined to mildness in details.

And let those who look forward with envious joy or sympathetic fear to the fall of our Indian Empire remember one thing—the blind prejudice and limitless credulity that made the Mutiny also secured its defeat. The Bengal Sepoys rebelled through believing a delusion and a lie; and when successful for a time, they went on believing lies, till they were surprised and slaughtered in their madness by men who saw the truth. The malcontents of India will not shake off British rule till they have ceased to be the bond-slaves of their own visions and the worshippers of rumour.

MARMITON.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

An article in the *Progressive Review* offers a curious explanation of kleptomania. This disease, I understand, is widespread among the well-to-do. It does not ravage the poor; when a poor man takes what isn't his'n, he is hungry, or has a criminal passion for loot. The plunder of the kleptomaniac does not find its way to the pawnbroker. A lady enters a shop, orders costly goods, pays handsomely, and steals something worth twopence. Obviously, she is no common thief. A nobleman of great wealth, now dead, who held a high position in the service of his country, seldom rose from a friend's dinner-table without pocketing the spoons. It was said that his valet used to search his pockets at night, make a neat parcel of the contents, and return them to their rightful owner next morning. His master never missed them, and the rightful owner discreetly made no remark. The theory of the *Progressive Review* is that people who inherit large possessions, amassed by grasping ancestors, also inherit the acquisitive instinct, which, having no natural outlet, turns to kleptomania. The ancestor enriched himself by legal methods and dubious ethics; his posterity help themselves with illicit innocence to their neighbours' spoons. They are not criminals; but they reflect unconsciously the freebooting propensities of their artful forerunners. You cannot treat them as lunatics, for they may become Ministers of the Crown or leaders of fashion. They represent a variant of Ibsen's "Ghosts"; and all their relatives and servants can do is to warn the tradesmen, and make those neat parcels in the morning.

I like the theory because it throws a glamour of romance over some mysterious proceedings. Have you ever studied the psychology of the uninvited guest? I am told he is quite a common phenomenon of our unwieldy London society. A lonely man in evening-dress takes a walk through Mayfair late on a summer night. He sees an awning; he says to himself, after the manner of Mr. Wemmick, "Hullo! here's a party"; he turns in at the unfamiliar door; an obsequious minion takes his hat; he lounges through the rooms, which are crammed to suffocation; he listens to the Maroon Hungarian Band, admires the women, spends a pleasant quarter of an hour in the supper-room, and goes away. This has been done by reputable young men about town for wagers. I can easily believe that you might visit half-a-dozen houses in a single evening without any recommendation except polite impudence, and without exciting the smallest suspicion. Society now is a jam on a staircase, an undistinguishable mass of persons who may never get near the hostess, and who, if recent gossip is to be credited, might not unreasonably inspire the host sometimes with regret that he had not engaged a "chucker-out." Free-fights in the halls of aristocratic mansions, hysterical tears of dismayed hostesses, nay, the hustling of Royalty itself—are not these things written in the modern chronicles of Piccadilly? How simple, then, for the well-bred stranger to take his ease in a house where he has no invitation, moralise on the deportment of the legitimate guests, criticise the champagne, and go home after this predatory raid with a restful conscience and a gratified sense of humour!

Consider now a kleptomaniac of a rather singular type. He is a dancing man, very light on his toes, and very expert with his fingers. His sphere of operations is the crowded ball-room. On the memorable night of the Duchess of Devonshire's ball many noble guests wore the costumes of their ancestors. My kleptomaniac's favourite ancestor must have been Ancient Pistol, and I daresay that in the dress of that worthy he would look extremely well. Once in the crush of the ball-room, he is able to relieve his partners of brooches and other trifling ornaments, which, it is said, do not always find their way back to their fair owners in neat parcels next day. His name is Pin-Snatcher, one of the Pin-Snatchers of Park Lane, a very old family (as the double-barrelled cognomen sufficiently indicates) of great wealth but eccentric habits. I heard of him first quite lately from a lady who had seen him at a house where he was unknown to everybody. A dance was in progress; but it was a "small" dance; the guests were so few that the presence of a stranger was noticed; there were whispered inquiries; he became uneasy, hastily drank a glass of champagne, and withdrew. The general curiosity offended his native reserve. I think of him, moody and broochless, striding away from that uncongenial party of such inconvenient dimensions. Plague on that deceitful awning! People who give "small" parties have no right to sport awnings and the airs of magnates who entertain a promiscuous multitude, in which the Pin-Snatcher can enjoy his pastime with ease and affluence!

Don't you sympathise with him, bereft of his armorial bearings, and of his wonted delight of a shiny night, and the season of the year?

Women love mystery, and in the bosom of many a fair lady he must have inspired a hopeless passion. He has murmured songs of Araby in jewelled ears; and when some trivial gewgaw has been missed, no doubt the plundered damsel has suspected him of nothing worse than a passion for taking his love-tokens where he finds them. Imagine his bruised affections when he reflects that he must never (if he can help it) gaze upon her lovely face again! I declare that no justice is done to the hereditary kleptomaniac. Here is an ancestral curse which might be made even more impressive than the legend of the Wandering Jew, or than Mr. Bram Stoker's thrilling romance of the Carpathian vampires. At this moment there is wandering about the country an aged baron, who evidently belongs to the Continental branch of the Pin-Snatchers. I believe his family name is in the Almanach de Gotha. He was found by a friend of mine in the Lincolnshire Fens, a most dignified old gentleman, with the manners of a bygone school, who told stories of courts and embassies, of wars and dynasties, and ended by borrowing five pounds. No feeling heart could have refused a temporary loan to such venerable majesty. When seen again, he was at a barber's in the Brompton Road; his face was lathered; the shining razor dexterously approached his cheek. Just then he caught sight of my friend in the mirror, bounced out of his chair, and vanished from the shop. Think of an aged baron flying down the Brompton Road with his face all over soap, because the acquisitive tradition of his race did not permit him to repay a paltry loan of five pounds!

As I write, our Indian visitors are still in town, in shining raiment and crusted with gems. I still see Colonial troopers waylaid by citizens, who clap them on the back and whisper something which apparently relates to hospitality round the corner. Do these muscular standard-bearers of the Empire yearn for the rolling veldt and the flying ostrich as they saunter in Pall Mall and cast a twinkling eye at the impassive sentries? The Colonial trooper walks as if the pavement were springing under him, and he seems to be struck by the quaintness of the British soldier, whose gait is not suggestive of that elasticity. But the Indian visitors and their gems trouble me. To stand beside one of them in a crowd, and see that his ears are inlaid with diamonds—it is an uncanny temptation of honesty! When you cannot see two of these Oriental potentates in a hansom without a sudden desire to sit on the driver's perch and pick precious stones out of their turbans through the trap, your probity is clearly undermined. The parade of a jeweller's window affects you not at all; it is merely a window; but when its contents are poured over a man, when he is sapphired up to the chin and diamonded up to the ears, you want to peel off a little of this magnificence, while distracting his attention by sprightly remarks on the science and literature of her Majesty's glorious reign!

A story which threatened to eclipse the length of that epoch has come to an end. Barty Josselin is no more! Such are the welcome words which close Du Maurier's romance of "The Martian" in *Harper's*. His Barty, like Hans Breitmann's, is "afay in de ewigkeit" at last. I began to fear there was no escape from this terrible young man, who was inspired by a spirit from Mars to write renowned books, and who gives not the remotest inkling of his surpassing genius to the readers of his biography. Du Maurier had no qualification for sustaining such a fantasy, which seems to have been a millstone from the outset. In "The War of the Worlds," Mr. H. G. Wells's story in *Pearson's Magazine*, you have a much more daring conception of Mars as a subject of romance; but how plausibly it is handled, and with what fertility of resource! I have cycled through Weybridge lately in fear and trembling, because Mr. Wells's Martians burn that charming little town, and I expected to see the horrid engines of these celestial savages striding after me.

When an author gives you an imaginative impression that lives with you like a companion, you have a dread that he will break the spell some day by experimenting in an alien atmosphere. Does any reader who was really possessed by the magic of the "Red Badge of Courage" crave for more "Third Violets"? Mr. Stephen Crane may have written the "Third Violet" as a gentle exercise while his real faculty took a holiday. Surely in this story there is neither fancy nor observation that is worthy of him. It reminds me of what happened to Rudyard Kipling when he put aside his "many inventions" to write about Kensington girl-artists who lived on tea and pickles. Tea and pickles, stipplers and studios, have their chosen laureates and romancers; but Mr. Crane is not of the band. Well, it is a perilous business, this weaving of romances, with the uncertainty whether your reputation will greet the new achievement with cordial recognition or a cold stare of ill-will.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Miniature-painting nowadays is not only a fine art, but a fashion, and even those who have large country-houses or town-mansions in which to hang their duplicate pictures have space also on their drawing-room tables for miniatures as well. The pretty old custom has been revived of having miniatures encased in the lids of silver and gold boxes, or in the face of a watch which is intended as a present; and Mr. Esmé Collings, who is making a speciality of all these works, has painted lately, among many other portraits, pictures of Lady Henry Bentinck, Lady Arthur Grosvenor, and Lady Downshire. Lady Henry Bentinck is one of the prettiest women in London, as well as one of the most artistic, and the fact that one silver lock somehow crept into her fair hair before she was twenty adds not a little to her personal charm of appearance. In the miniature she is dressed in sixteenth century Italian style, in a crimson velvet dress, with a lace scarf draped like a nun's veil about her head; but she has a talent for picturesque dressing, and at one of the Drawing-Rooms this year was quite a picture in diaphanous green draperies that suggested summer clouds rather than the conventional Court-train, and with three tall, drooping Victorian plumes arranged inside her diamond tiara with pretty, imposing effect. Lady Arthur Grosvenor wears simply a fichu of muslin fastened in by a rose. She is a very pretty woman, and was Miss Helen Sheffield before she married the Duke of Westminster's second son. Another very pretty woman is Lady Downshire, a dark, *petite* beauty, who is often seen in London ball-rooms, always animated and bright-looking, and generally ablaze with diamonds. Lady Dundonald has also been painted very lately, as well as two of her pretty children; and Mr. Collings has done, among others, Mrs. Henry Allhusen, Miss Fleetwood Wilson, and Lord Aberdare's five children.

The reproductions in the *Magazine of Art* of pictures from the collection of Mr. W. Cuthbert Quilter, M.P., have been noticed from time to time in these columns as work of considerable merit, and the newest instalment for the July number, "Washing the Cradle," is among the best of the series. It is a sea-picture by Israels. In the foreground the Dutch maiden washes the cradle in the shallow waves, while the three-year-old youngster, dragging its little boat by a delightfully absurd cord, looks on with stolid interest. The figures are finely drawn and finely placed, but the charm of the picture is in the sea, which stretches back luminously and calmly until sky touches water. The infinite peacefulness of the water is suggested by a master's hand, and the little ships—"silver sails out of the golden West"—are touched in with consummate skill. The reproduction, it may be said, is in all respects worthy of the painter and his work, which is giving it the highest praise possible.

In the article which accompanies this reproduction as frontispiece on Mr. Quilter's collection, Mr. F. G. Stephens deals with that collection on its side of modern foreign masters, and several interesting pictures are reproduced, notable among which is Corot's exquisite "Villa Pamphili," with its beautiful trees and its no less beautiful light. Mr. Stephens describes it as an epitome of the purest classic of this French landscape-painter, a consummately subtle and delicate draughtsman, a master of the loveliest harmonies of tone, a wizard when weaving exquisite fabrics of the light, of silver, and of delightful greys. Among other canvases reproduced are "Venus Disrobed" by Millet, "On the Oise" by Daubigny, and Van Marcke's "Breton Pastures"; and the whole article is well worth reading.



LADY ARTHUR GROSVENOR.—ESMÉ COLLINGS.



THE MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE.—ESMÉ COLLINGS.



LADY HENRY BENTINCK.—ESMÉ COLLINGS.

THE DUMPIES

FRANK VERDECK: CONCLUDED.
ARTIST, HISTORIAN.

[Copyrighted by The Sketch.]

As the day of the great double wedding drew near the Dumpies' seaside cottage was given over to the joy and bustle of getting ready for it. Wiseacre was Master of Ceremonies and planned all the work for the others.

Mr. and Mrs. Bear were sent to a distant forest after a special brand of honey, while the Cubs were ordered into the near-by woods to gather flowers. Mrs. Goose and Mr. were requested to supply fresh eggs, and Sugarlumps to prepare the feast, assisted by the Griffin, who brought rare dainties from a great distance. The Rabbit, Sir 'Possum, and the Terrapin were made a Committee on General Observation and Silence, which meant that

they were to look on and say nothing, Wiseacre knowing their habit of getting into all kinds of trouble if they were given half a chance. Add-a-pose, of course, was to make the place look pretty, and the Snow-birds, who had returned for the grand occasion, were ordered by him to sit in rows where they would decorate the rooms and be handy to run errands at the same time.

Thus, you see, the friends of the Dumpies were busy and the Dumpies themselves still busier. The days passed swiftly and the wedding morning came over the blue eastern sea as fair and unruffled as an infant's dream. The ceremony was to take place at high noon, and long before that hour the cottage

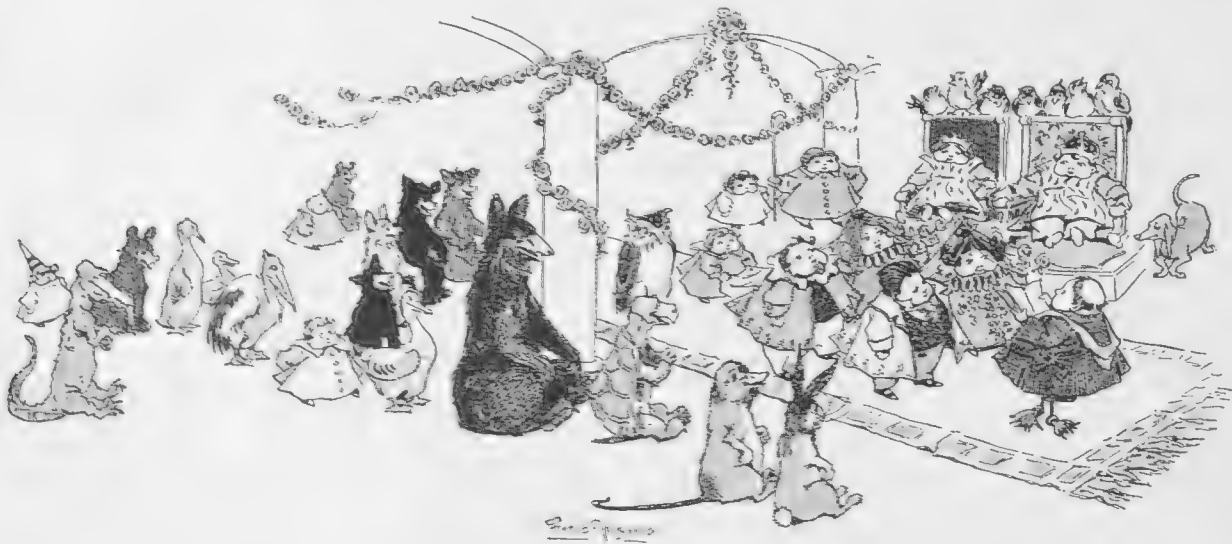


Then Fat-and-Contented, beginning,
Soon made each fair couple as one;
And the Dumpies broke out into cheering
When the legal proceedings were done.

Then, 'mid the ringing of bells and scattering of flowers in their path, the wedded couples marched to a great feast, followed by all the band. It lasted far into the night, and, just before it ended, the Rabbit, who had been silent as long as possible, arose and offered a toast, first to the Dumpling and Dumpling-ee, then to the long life and happiness of Topsy-loo and Wide-out and their honoured grooms, and finally to all of those in every land who are fond of good things to eat, and to the good and noble cooks that make their lives a joy. Sir 'Possum and the Terrapin both responded to this brave sentiment, and it was echoed by all and pledged in a glass of nectar made from the sap of the maple and tinted a pale-rose colour. Then the great wedding-feast of the Dumpies was done, and the Rabbit, Sir 'Possum, and the Terrapin wandered out together, arm-in-arm, and sat silently on the seashore to watch the sun rise.

And thus ends the tale of the Dumpies. There are many other adventures we might record, but we fear our readers are weary of the merry little people who dwell in the Land of Low Mountains that lies in the far Country of Kay.

We might tell of the Year of Separations, when the birds and the animals returned to their native wilds. We might sing of the strange adventures of the Rabbit, Sir 'Possum, and the Terrapin, when they



parlours were crowded. When at last the bridal procession came in it was greeted by a wedding-chorus, composed especially for the occasion.

Air: "MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

Behold! behold! the wedding-day has come
Of Topsy-loo—the flower of Dumpydom,
And Wide-out, Gentle Wide-out, and Gallant Commodore,
And Jolly-boy the hero of the Dumpies.

Then up through the garlands of roses,
Till the welcoming music had ceased,
Came marching the bridal procession
To Fat-and-Contented the priest.

And sitting near by on a daïs
The Dumpling and fair Dumpling-ee,
And they wore their best crowns for the wedding
And robes that were royal to see.

And Fat-and-Contented was smiling
With the glory and pomp of the day,
And Topsy and Wide-out were blushing
And fair in their bridal array.

And Jolly and Commodore, standing
Each by his beautiful bride,
Serene in new friendship and splendour,
Were pictures of plumpness and pride.

were banished from Dumpy Land for a year and roamed over the world together. But we will not do so now.

We will say only good-bye. Good-bye to Topsy-loo the fair and Wide-out the gentle; to Jolly-boy the brave and to Commodore the gallant; to the Dumpling and Dumpling-ee, and to all the band, and their faithful friends of which we have told you, and many more that followed them during the Year of Amenities. Adieu to them and to you, dear reader, and in closing we can only repeat—

Beware of the Land of Low Mountains—
Beware of the Dumpies, I pray,
Who dwell in those wonderful valleys
Afar in the Country of Kay,
Or you may become, ere you know it,
As broad and unwieldy as they.



CONCERNING THE CONTINENTAL EXPRESS.

A CHAT WITH MR. H. M. SNOW.

At the moment when everyone, more or less, is thinking of the Eastern Question, and when many, from business or curiosity, have hurried to the seat of war, the high-road to the Orient is a more than



MR. SNOW.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.

usually interesting consideration. How to get there, and how best to get there, are questions which can be answered most fully by Mr. H. M. Snow, the London representative of "the company with the long name," as it has been called, to wit, "the International Sleeping-Car and European Express Trains Company."

The other day accordingly a *Sketch* representative, brimful of professional curiosity, called on Mr. Snow at 14, Cockspur Street, and begged leave to catechise him a little. Mr. Snow was all geniality and readiness to submit to the ordeal, so the conversation progressed as easily and sweetly as the Orient Express itself.

"The journey to Constantinople," said my informant, "is very easy and pleasant now. If you would know what it was about the time of the Russo-Turkish War, you must read Archibald Forbes. Then it was laborious enough, but our *trains de luxe* have changed all that."

"And these trains," I asked, "are composed—?"

"Of three sleeping-cars, a restaurant-car, kitchen-car, and baggage-cars, one of the last fitted with shower-baths. These cars are noted for their soft, gliding motion, due to their great weight and the exquisite adjustment of their springs."

"These heavy cars, I think, afford extra safety, do they not?"

"Undoubtedly. Very severe tests have shown it to be absolutely impossible to 'telescope' them. Then, as for comfort, they are perfect."

"How long is the journey from London to Constantinople?"

"2144½ miles. You leave London at 11 a.m., say, on Monday, you reach Constantinople at 11.30 a.m. on Thursday morning."

"Considerable stores must be carried?"

"As far as possible, fresh provisions are procured on the journey. Special delicacies unobtainable on the way are, of course, brought from Paris. Ah! I ought to tell you about the wines we carry."

"I have heard something of a novel system; pray enlighten me fully."

"In one of the baggage-cars," Mr. Snow continued, "are a number of wine-lockers, one for each country through which the Express passes. Each locker contains the wines of its appropriate country, although champagne, by-the-bye, is found in all. Now, in passing through France, the French locker is unsealed, and French wines only are supplied to passengers. On approaching the German frontier, at French Avricourt, the French wines are collected and sealed up by the French Custom-house officers, and at German Avricourt the German officers board the train and unseal the German locker, thus permitting the service of German wines. At every frontier a similar ceremony is observed as the Express passes onward through Austria, Hungary, Servia, and Bulgaria to its destination. The process is, of course, reversed on the return journey."

"No," continued Mr. Snow, correcting a rash conclusion of mine, "the object is not to evade duty, but to create good feeling by patronising impartially the products of each country."

"Has the war affected your traffic?"

"Only by increasing the number of passengers."

"Your trains are, I should imagine, an important aid to diplomacy?"

"As you may possibly have heard, a Queen's Messenger travels in every train, a special compartment being reserved for that official. The Orient Express has, indeed, proved so useful to the Foreign Office that we have arranged what is practically a daily service to Constantinople."

"Here," continued Mr. Snow, spreading a railway map of Europe on the table before me, "is the ordinary route direct to Constantinople of the mail, which is posted to run twice a week. There is, however, a daily run to Vienna by the Orient Express, and likewise by the Ostend-Vienna Express. To connect with these trains a section is now run from Vienna to Constanza, on the Black Sea, whence the journey to Constantinople is completed by steamer."

"Do you carry a larger number of passengers eastward than westward?"

"The average is fairly equal and constant. In winter, by the way, the Orient Express is largely patronised by visitors to Egypt; the route across Europe is so pleasant and interesting. The popularity of the Express in this respect is steadily increasing. It affords, as an additional comfort, the possibility of a sea-journey almost wholly in calm water—through the Grecian Archipelago, I mean."

"You are interested in many other Express services, are you not?"

"The Express service, practically, of Europe. We run the Nord Express, which leaves London at 10 a.m. on, say, Monday, arriving at

St. Petersburg at 3.50 p.m. on Wednesday, having travelled 1727½ miles. Our next great service is the Sud Express, from London to Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, and Gibraltar. Leaving London at 11 a.m. on, say, Monday, Madrid (a distance of 1095 miles) is reached at 11.40 p.m. the next day, Lisbon (1606 miles) at 10.30 a.m. on Wednesday—"

"Gibraltar being reached at—?"

"7.35 p.m. the same day. This is an entirely new service, only just arranged; so your article will be well 'on time,' as it were, with this. It may interest you to know that we have been unable to get railway service further than Algeciras, as the Spaniards would not permit an English company's line from Linea (at the extremity of their military lines, as the name implies) over the neutral ground to Gibraltar. Consequently, the last twenty minutes of the journey is done by sea. Before this service the quickest run to Gibraltar was eighty-nine hours; it will now be fifty-six."

"You run the Peninsular Express from Calais to Brindisi, as well, I think?"

"Yes, that service, the old 'overland route,' interests me specially, for it is really my child. It is so popular now with Anglo-Indians, and the mail matter is so heavy, that two trains are run, the first with passengers, the second with mails only and the British officer in charge. That official takes over the mails at Cannon Street, and gets a written receipt for them at Brindisi. At first I used to travel in actual charge of that train, in the days before two sections were necessary."

"You must have had many interesting and some exciting experiences?"

"I remember one in particular, but"—Mr. Snow paused reflectively—"I fear it is too much like blowing one's own trumpet to tell it you for publication."

"Then tell it as over a private cigarette, and let the burden of publication rest with me. You may deal with me afterwards (when it's too late) for an arrant—interviewer!"

"In the old days, then, on the sixty miles down grade between Mont Cenis Tunnel and Turin, a car once took fire owing to the heating of an axle. Of course, the communication with the driver would not work, just at the moment. What was to be done? One thing obviously; sever the connecting pipe of the Westinghouse machinery, that being equivalent to a direct application of the brake. Accordingly I got astride a buffer and tried to uncouple the tube, but the balance was too difficult. Finally, I got the cook's long knife, and, lying down flat on the platform, steadied by two friends who obligingly sat on my legs, I contrived to bend over far enough to reach the tube, which sundry flourishes of the knife at length severed. The train was pulled up in a few seconds, the fire put out, and we went on our way rejoicing."

Whetted by Mr. Snow's story, I asked for more.

"There's the time the French arrested me by mistake for the Duc d'Orléans," my host returned, laughing, "but that's too well known to bear re-telling."



A DANCE IN "THE FRENCH MAID."

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

LXX—THE "LONDONER GENERAL ANZEIGER" AND MR. HENRY DETLOFF.

Ten years ago Mr. Henry Detloff came to England to take the management of the composing department of the *Courier de Londres*. German by nationality, cosmopolitan by habit,

he had studied German in the Fatherland, Italian in various parts of Italy, and French in Paris. His visit to England was made with the primary object of learning the language. Chance led a German club to start a paper just about the time of his arrival, and Mr. Detloff started a printing business and produced the club organ. It ran for three years, and then ceased to run, owing to defective circulation. By the time it was recently interred, the former printer had merged into a newspaper proprietor, for he had started the *Londoner General Anzeiger* with high hopes and a capital of twenty-six pounds sterling. His idea in starting the venture was that there was ample room for an independent



MR. DETLOFF.

Photo by J. C. B. (Lancaster, Pa.)

paper to circulate among the lower classes of Germans in London. Politics were out of the question, for no German political paper ever came to stay. There seemed greater possibilities from attention to the poorer classes of foreign workers in London, by watching over their interests, denouncing those who wished to prey upon them, developing their social life, and giving notice problems a rest. The four-page paper, written entirely by himself and published at the price of a penny, had a wonderful expansion. It paid from the very first number, not so largely as to make the proprietor feel sure of a fortune, but sufficiently to relieve him from serious anxiety with regard to the future. For nine years the paper has progressed steadily; to-day it is more than four times the original size, has two weekly supplements, one illustrated and humorous, the other a novelette, and the price has been increased to twopenny. It is not in morals to command success, but Germans have a fixed habit of deserving it. Henry Detloff is no exception. Master of four living languages, and several that were living ones, practical printer, good scholar, and indefatigable worker, he was always bound to secure a large measure of success. Even to-day, when the little venture has become a prosperous concern, he writes all the paper with the assistance of one other journalist, he personally attends the advertisements of all the German clubs, sometimes being present at as many as fifteen in a single week, stepping out until the small hours have grown up, and being back again at his work after three or four hours' sleep. The fixed determination to do all that is to be done to remain in close personal touch with all classes of readers, makes the labour possible, though it is beginning to show apparent traces of fatigue behind. In nine years Mr. Detloff has taken one proper holiday, and that was last summer, when he went over to the Berlin Exhibition for four weeks, and doubtless wrote busily all the time. If everybody worked as he does, the struggle for life would become a luxury that nobody with the power to purchase a little cheap and effective poison would seriously contemplate.

There are from sixty to eighty thousand Germans in London, if Mr. Detloff's estimate be right. Official returns give a greater number, but Swiss and other German-speaking people are included. The first requirement of the German in London is Sunday recreation. The said Sunday to which we are inured is insufficient to him. He seeks a club; it is a necessity for him, and consequently German clubs are very plentiful, and the *Anzeiger* watches all their festivities. This is very trying work, but it is quite essential. It is from the clubs that the paper recruits, and by the clubs that the paper becomes known. Even now Mr. Detloff acknowledges with regret that there are thousands of Germans in London who have not yet heard of the *Anzeiger* and are quite unaware that there is a paper devoted to their interests. There are even consulates on his behalf, by which he benefits unconsciously. Mr. Detloff looks out for the swindlers who are over on the watch for people who do not know the countries well, he cuts down their profits amazingly, and they are not more fond of him on that account. But the grass is growing, and the *Londoner General Anzeiger* has not yet reached the highest position it is destined to obtain. The natural possibilities are great, but backed up by all the thought and work so freely bestowed, they become immense. The German community is ever on the increase, and the *Anzeiger* is extending its sphere of influence week by week. Therefore, the prospects are of the very best, and, as politics are tabu, no strained relations between this country and the "Fatherland" can threaten the *Anzeiger's* prosperity.

NOTES.

The sketch will be on sale at the German Stores at the offices of the International News Company, 88 and 89, Dame Street, New York; and in Australia, by Messrs. Gordon and Mitchell, or Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, New Zealand, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE DEVONSHIRE HOUSE BALL.

It would appear from the successful realisation that no more brilliant idea could have been suggested than the Duchess of Devonshire's happy thought of rounding off the cycle of Jubilee ceremonies with a historical pageant mainly founded upon the central motive of a Masque of Queens. Prepared under the highest auspices, with the artistic participation of the first personages in the realm, the due proportions of stately magnificence and of regal distinction were assured from the first. No more appropriate background could be imagined than the splendid Louis XIV. suites of Devonshire House, with its unique surroundings, and never was historical pageantry displayed more advantageously.

Though the ball presented the most animated panorama of the ages, and there were dresses galore chosen at the sweet will of the wearers, the Duchess imposed restrictions which excluded the prosaic element. No dress of later date than 1820 was admissible, while all the attendants and spectators were dressed as befitted the occasion; thus the consistent brilliancy of effect suffered no jarring note to spoil the harmonious ensemble.

Much thought and research were necessary; the spectacle itself commemorated "The Record Reign," and a "Masque of Queens" was thoroughly appropriate; the preliminary decision resolved itself into the question under which Queen the courtiers should enlist? The noble hostess herself set the example of regal magnificence in choosing to impersonate Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, arrayed in gorgeous raiment, and glittering with jewels of the most characteristic splendour; the Oriental glow of colour and lustre must have outshone the surroundings of even the actual Zenobia in her prime. The Duchess's Court, procession, and quadrille were worthy of the stately sovereign, including, as they did, the most picturesque costumes, and lending themselves to the display of marvels in the way of jewelled head-dresses and personal ornaments. Eastern magnificence was not exhausted; there were two Cleopatras, and rival Queens of Sheba—Princess Henry of Pless and Lady Cynthia Graham; there was Salambo (Mrs. Algernon Bourke); there were trains of lovely Oriental ladies and suites of noble Eastern chieftains. In other groups the East and West outvied each other in the representation of the Court of Venice, when the Queen of the Adriatic displayed, under the rule of the Doges, a splendour of pageantry only equalled by the Court of Florence under splendour-loving rulers. The Venetian and Italian processions were, indeed, pictures of all that is fairest and most gallant. Then came the Queens of the West; passing the representatives of early history, the culminating state was reached with Tudor Courts and their Continental contemporaries.

The Princess of Wales, as Marguerite de Valois, in graceful and becoming regal magnificence, was accompanied by the three Princesses her daughters, and the Duchess of York, as members of her Court; the Valois group was necessarily resplendent, displaying all the guile of dress as seen at the French Court under such gay Princes as Henri IV. The Prince of Wales appeared as the Grand Master of the Knights Hospitalliers of Malta, in a handsome black velvet costume (Jemp Elizabeth) accurately carried out by M. Alias. The Duke of Connaught was gallantly attired as Commander of the Forces to Queen Elizabeth; the Duchess of Connaught was Anne of Austria; the Duke of York was George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, Champion-Knight of the Virgin Queen, whose glove he bore in his hat, pledged to maintain his Sovereign Lady's fame against all comers. Prince Charles of Denmark and his Princess appeared as Danish courtiers of the same era. The noble host, the Duke of Devonshire, came to welcome his royal guests and to conduct them to the brilliant ball-room, where the royal group were seated on a dais, there to receive the courtly obeisance of the respective processions, which passed before the throne in the order of the several Courts.

The Duke of Devonshire was an impressive figure, dressed in the costume of the great Emperor Charles V. of extended empire, his rich costume accurately carried out by M. Alias, after the painting by Titian. Another resplendent Court was that of the Empress Catherine II. of Russia (Lady Randolph), in sumptuous imperial robes after the picture by Lamini. There was the Court of Anne of Austria (the Duchess of Manchester) and of the Empress Maria Theresa (Lady Londonderry), the Court of Louis XV. (Lord Chelms), with his Queen, Marie Leszinska (Lady Curzon), and Madame du Barry (Lady Kilmorey); there was the Court of Louis XVI., with Marie Antoinette (Lady Warwick), Princesse de Lamballe (Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox), and interesting historical personages galore. Among other masqueraders were—

Sir Walter Raleigh (Mr. E. Badgett), Sir Philip Sidney (Mr. H. Warrington), Sir Francis Drake (Sir C. Hall), Lord Chief Justice (Sir H. Boone), Lord Burleigh (Earl of Sandwich), Sir Richard Bowdler, Lord High Treasurer (Earl of Londonderry), Lady Herbert of Chesham (Countess of Powis), Countess Shrewsbury (Duchess of Roxburgh), Countess of Essex (Countess Spencer), Countess of Essex (Countess of Londonderry), Elizabeth Cavendish (Mrs. A. Jones), Lord Darnley (with sword of state) (Colonel Leslie), Lord Leicester (Lord Liverpool), Earl of Essex (Earl of Essex), the Duke of Roxburgh and the Hon. D. Murray-Baskin, with Captain Mann Whiston, Mr. E. Williams, Mr. Harold Bressay, and Mr. Rose, Yeoman of the Guard; Queen Elizabeth herself (Lady Liverpool) beneath a star canopy, the Earl of Argyll (Sir A. Richmond), Mr. Somers, Count Arden (Mr. Holden), the Viscountess Montagu (Mrs. Spencer), Countess of Warwick, Swiss Burglar (Lord Rothschild), Archbishop of Canterbury (Lord Rowton), Mary Seaton (the Hon. Mrs. Groville), Mary Queen of Scots (Lady Richmond), Mary Hamilton (Duchess of Hamilton), Lady Hunsdon (Lady Patterson), Lady Burleigh (Lady de Ramsey), Countess of Bathurst (Baron de Rothschild), Lord Herbert of Chesham (Earl of Powis), Lord Hunsdon (Lord Patterson), Martin Parrishan (Mr. Geoffrey Webb), Lord James Murray (Lord Glenesk), Sir Thomas Graham (the Hon. S. Lytton), Maguire Lord of Hemsburgh (Mr. R. Maguire), etc.

THE HISTORICAL COSTUME BALL AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.

Photograph by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.



THE GIVER OF THE BALL.
THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AS ZENOBIA.

THE HISTORICAL COSTUME BALL AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.

Photographs by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AS ANNE OF AUSTRIA.



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AS AN ELIZABETHAN MILITARY COMMANDER.

LORD CHARLES MONTAGU AS CHARLES I., AND LADY CHELSEA
AS A VERONESE LADY.PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK AND
PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES AS COURTIER.

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THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

AN IRISH NOSEGAY.*

The "Celtic Renaissance" is now an acknowledged fact. It stands before us, undeniable; and the gates of Gath will not prevail against it. I say Gath in this connection (instead of a more usual word in the same place) because I observe it is most of all the Philistine who desires to shut his eyes against the sun in the heaven, and then ask, "Where is it? I decline to admit the existence of any such object." Even the blatant Philistine himself, however, has long since been silenced on this matter. He may sneer at the tone of Celtic literature; he may trot out against it his favourite and well-worn epithets, now getting a little threadbare by excessive use—"morbid," "hysterical," "overwrought," "unwholesome," "pessimistic," and the rest of it; but he no longer stoutly denies that such a thing as Celtic literature exists at all. He can read much of it to-day in his own language—the only tongue he usually condescends to recognise. Scholar after scholar has skimmed for his use the cream of Irish and Scottish poetry; in this delightful volume Dr. Sigerson gives us the cream of the cream for domestic consumption.

Of course, in the last resort, no literature in the world can be adequately judged by means of a translation. For literature is mainly the craft of words—words that carry with them a subtle and evasive emotional atmosphere: and when the words are changed, however deftly, you get but a paraphrase, not the original glory. What notion could we form of the neat concinnity of Horace, the cunning melody of Virgil, the liquid society gracefulness of Ovid, if we were forced to consume them even in the best English verse renderings only? Therefore, it is no slight on Dr. Sigerson's scholarly and lilting lines to say that they must be taken as good attempts to render what can hardly ever be rendered—the thoughts and expressions of one race in the tongue of another. But, allowing the impossibility of the task in itself, the author of this charming anthology has performed the impossible—as far as was possible. (I doubt not the crass Teutonic mind will mistake this carefully framed and deliberate paradox for the mere spontaneous bull of Erin.) Dr. Sigerson rightly describes his selections as "Done into English after the metres and modes of the Gael"; his translations are saturated with Gaelic feeling in form and matter, and the readers of his volume will probably learn from it with interest how much that is characteristic in the work of Irish writers of English literature has been half-unconsciously inherited by them from their Celticising predecessors.

The anthology is ushered in by an excellent and philosophical Introduction on the spirit and form of old Celtic literature. In this interesting and valuable part of his work Dr. Sigerson lays just stress on the influence exerted by Irish models on the Latin and Romance poets, and through them on the form of all modern poetry. There can be little doubt that this influence is real; there was a moment in the history of civilisation in Europe when Ireland for a brief interval took the lead both in teaching and in thinking; and that moment, short as it was, coincided with the first formative period in modern European literature. Certain it is, at any rate, that the Celtic spirit and the Celtic romances penetrated deeply into the mediæval mind, and have ever since tinged the thought, and still more profoundly the emotions, of all Western Europe. I am not apt to overrate, I think, the individual merit of unmixed Celtic literature; in itself, with all its beauty, all its weirdness, all its mysticism, all its magic, it undoubtedly lacks strength, sinew, robustness. It also lacks restraint: it has no moderation. Its voice is too constant a wail; it breathes too profound and unrelieved a melancholy. Moreover, it is chaotic: it fails to produce on you a definite picture. Not so much for itself, therefore, as for its offshoots, its influences, its external effect, does it deserve our study. But if we accept the Celtic element as the feminine principle in the literature of Europe, needing to be impregnated and fertilised by the sturdier and more commonplace Teutonic male qualities, then we shall rightly understand its maternal importance, its virginal tenderness, its somewhat

womanish exuberance, its innate love of the weak, the conquered, the feeble, the despairing, and we shall realise how much these traits have contributed to the sentiment of chivalry and the distinctive modern note in literature. Virilised by intermarriage, they have given us our Shelleys, our Keatses, our Byrons. Without the Celt, our poetry would have been all mere Popes and Akensides.

The songs in this volume cover a long area in time. They begin with the prehistoric lays of the early invaders, pass through the heroic epoch of Cuchulainn and Fionn, traverse the so-called Ossianic period and the first Christian age of lyrical poets, and end at length with the despairing Irish bards of the eighteenth century, the last wailing outcry of a vanquished literature. In all of them one observes that dominant note of strangeness which is the special characteristic of the Celtic mind. Strangeness, intermingled with mystery and nature-worship, yet with a curious undercurrent of man's sadness ever present—"a poignant human cry, as of a voice with tears in it." Less dreamy than the Scotch Celt, the Irish Gael has a still deeper sense of tragic pathos than his brother of the Highlands: his fate has been harder, and it has coloured life for him with the sombre hues of his own misty hills, his cloud-wreathed mountains, his vast, formless bogs, his barren fields where he fights a hard battle against grudging nature for a scanty livelihood. The Scot, again, is more elemental; the Irishman more fantastic. In his clever rendering of "The Vision of Viands," a quaint and almost grotesque song of the twelfth century, Dr. Sigerson has caught with marvellous fidelity this truly Irish trait, and has given us a translation which scarcely yields in audacity of metre, rhyme, and sense to Thackeray's famous burlesques. The Gael, in fact, had parodied himself almost to the verge of absurdity long before the Cornish Cymry stepped in to imitate him. But I forbear to quote examples, not because many do not occur to me as worthy of quotation, but because examples are an injustice unless one can fill a page with them. I prefer to send my readers to the original work, which will doubtless prove a revelation of an unknown storehouse to the mass of Britons in the larger isle—Britons who will open its doors in charming ignorance of the very fact that Ireland possesses a native literature of her own of many centuries' standing.—GRANT ALLEN.



CAROLAN, THE CELEBRATED IRISH BARD.
Reproduced from Dr. Sigerson's Book.

ENGLISH PLAYERS AND THE CONTINENT.

There ought to be a considerable public for English plays and players in the big Continental cities, yet the risk of bad business seems to deter English managers from entering the field. The experiment of taking out an English company to certain of the Continental capitals has occasionally been made, it is true, but only in a very tentative sort of way, and very little has been heard of the results of such ventures. A good deal of interest therefore attaches to the recent departure of Miss Madge McIntosh at the head of a well-organised company for Brussels, there to produce, at the Théâtre du Parc, "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "The School for Scandal," and "Masks and Faces." Miss McIntosh will be remembered as the promising young actress who acted with considerable power in Mr. A. W. Gattie's interesting play "The Honourable Member," at a matinée last year, and before that she had done good work in the large repertoire of Mr. F. R. Benson's Shaksperian Company. Miss McIntosh will play the leading female rôles, and will be supported by Mr. Graham Browne, who has lately been playing Orlando and Romeo with Miss Fortescue; Mr. E. Lyall Swete, a clever character-actor and comedian, who has now been some years with Mr. Benson; Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, and other players of repute. One of the chief disadvantages of theatrical enterprise in Brussels is said to be found in the enormous extent of the free list, which apparently includes half the population of the city on one pretext or another. It is well, at any rate, that the English players should go abroad as a sort of reply to the invasion of the foreign player in London. If Sir Henry Irving would only go, or if Mr. Wyndham would repeat his famous progress!

* "Bards of the Gael and Gail: Examples of the Poetic Literature of Erin." By George Sigerson, M.D., F.R.U.I. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1897.

MODERN FENCING.

A TALK WITH MR. FRED McPHERSON.

It is a thousand pities that, whereas the daily newspapers almost invariably publish lengthy descriptions of great glove-fights and similar "sporting" contests, until lately little or no attention has been paid by the Press to the manly art of self-defence with the foils—an art which needs dexterity instead of brute strength, quickness of hand and eye, judgment and determination, rather than pig-headed obstinacy. Probably for this reason more than any other, the art of fencing has for many years past been but little heard of in Great Britain, and the gratitude of young England is therefore the more due to Mr. McPherson, who has at length aroused the interest of a large section of our athletic countrymen in this, perhaps the most practical, fascinating, and refined of our various forms of self-defence.

Mr. Fred McPherson, who is a tall, handsome, well-set-up young fellow, was fencing with a lady when I called upon him (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) at his father's Gymnasium and School of Arms in Sloane Street a day or two ago, but no sooner was the lesson over than he came forward and cordially shook hands.

"Well," he said, in reply to the first question, "I have, roughly speaking, about a hundred lady pupils, and some of them do fence admirably. The young lady whom you have just been watching will make an excellent fencer—she is extremely clever already. How many pupils altogether? Really, I cannot say at haphazard, but a good many hundred. Yes, I think that, taken all round, civilians do make the best fencers, though, mind you, plenty of men in the Service are very bad to beat. But, then, Army men, being trained to sword-exercise, are more apt to forget when fencing that they are not using swords."

"And about how long does it take a man—a fairly athletic young man, say—to become an expert with the foils?"

"To become an *expert* needs years of practice, but any active young fellow should be able to fence moderately in a couple of years if he practises regularly. Fencing rather resembles violin-playing—the more you practise the more proficient you become. I have been a professional fencer for nearly ten years, and I have fenced from childhood, yet I feel that I have plenty more to learn, and I shall have plenty more to learn when I reach the age of sixty, if I ever do reach it. Fencing is one of those things that improve with time. From the very first day that you begin to learn it, until you die, you continue to become more proficient. They tell me that the same may be said of race-riding, cricketing, billiard-playing—in short, of nearly every kind of athletic exercise needing skill, but I think the remark applies more especially to fencing."

"By whom were you yourself taught?"

"Oh, by my father. He owns this gymnasium, you know, and I have two brothers who work here with me and who also fence very well."

"Have you to train at all?"

"Hardly at all. You see, I am fencing all day long and every day, and that of itself keeps one in condition. But I generally stop smoking about a week before taking part in any big tournament."

"Are all those certificates yours?" I asked, glancing round the room.

that it is considered a very great honour indeed to be made a member of the Academy of Arms. McPherson mentioned incidentally that he had been treated in France with the greatest courtesy. And so all Englishmen would be treated if they behaved with courtesy. Then he spoke of Mr. Egerton Castle, of Professor Defordt of London, Professor Desmedt



MR. FRED MCPHERSON.

of Brussels, and of other well-known fencers, and, later, he told me that he was about to go to Brussels himself, in order to take part in the great competition shortly to be held there. In the recent "Tournoi International d'Escrime," which took place in Paris, McPherson had the misfortune to be drawn against a man named Rossignol, who besides being one of the very best of the French fencers, is a left-handed fencer. Nevertheless, the Englishman came out with flying colours.

"Was that cigarette-case also a prize?" I asked.

"That was given to me by Lady Colin Campbell. She was one of my pupils, and is quite in the front rank of lady fencers. Miss Esmé Beringer is another really formidable adversary with the foils, and Mrs. Langtry is very good. When ladies take up fencing as a hobby they generally become very keen about it. You may have seen Miss Beringer fencing when she played the part of Romeo not long ago. Would you care to see the gymnasium now?"

A row of girls, headed by Miss "Mark Twain," were undergoing calisthenic tuition there, under the direction of Fred McPherson's brothers, two athletic, well-built young men, with a family likeness to the champion fencer. Certainly the gymnasium is an excellently appointed one, and it is patronised more largely than ever since Angelo's was closed. Fred McPherson rises between six and seven o'clock every morning, and it may seem needless to add that he is a man of temperate habits, though an inveterate smoker. English to the backbone, he is a man of whom we may well feel proud.



THE GYMNASIUM.

"Yes," he replied unassumingly; and he also let me see his medals, eight in number, silver medals, all of them, with the exception of the largest, which was gold.

"The silver one in your hand I was awarded in Paris a fortnight ago, when they made me a member of the Academy of Arms there. It is considered rather an honour to be made a member."

Rather an honour! I have lived in Paris long enough to know

SONNET.

Not that the wise are weak, the good despised,
Not good and evil of the same stuff woven,
Not God nor immortality unproven,
Nor contradictions in the spirit comprised;
Nor pages that once moved in vain revised,
Nor veil of heaven and hell by small drugs cloven,
Nor that the soul seems but the body's oven,
Nor all its sad dependence recognised—
Not these things make me doubt. Why then should this?
That this strong goodly spirit which in me dwells,
Whose feast is knowledge and whose breath is bliss.
In spite of all those piled-up oracles
And age-young songs laid by upon my shelf,
Lacking one little thing should lack itself?—JOHN EGLINTON.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.





ADVICE.

"You must get rid of the Irish accent, Mike, if you want to git on. Yet, shure, I was tin years in London before I could git over it meself."



MAID-SERVANT : Missus says she won't 'ave no more meat after to-day—it's so tough.
BUTCHER-BOY : It won't be tough next week ; father's going to kill 'isself.

ABOUT THE MOUTHS OF TEES AND TYNE.

There is always something attractive about the mouths of rivers. There are towns to which they have given opulence; if you trace them upward, there are woods and fields and high grounds grouped about them attractively; about their mouths there can scarcely fail to be healthful places by the shore. Last week we saw what a charming region there lies about the Yorkshire Esk, where picturesque old Whitby looks out to sea. Tees—for this famous river has such a personality that he is usually spared a prefix—is attractive in other ways. Far upward, indeed, he is embosomed in the loveliest woodland, where Raby's grey towers and Rokeby's haunted groves are his neighbours, and Barnard Castle watches, "full many a fathom low," the salmon leaping from the eddying waters that pour over his marble head. They are scenes that have inspired both Turner and Scott. But from the somewhat lurid and fretful surroundings of Stockton and Middlesborough, the river escapes through a broad mouth to the sea, and for mile after mile you may gallop with rare exhilaration over the yellow sands.

Saltburn is the last outlook of the Cleveland hills along the northern shore. Few places upon the Yorkshire coast present such varied

like lurid sentinels over the way. Altogether there is unusual character, as there are unsuspected attractions and combinations of attractive features, in the places that border the mouth of Tees, and few rivers in England can rival its inland charms.

The Tyne is a more famous river still. The Roman Wall was its neighbour, and Newcastle and other towns have grown rich by its waters. Vast argosies go to and fro on its bosom, and many of the finest warships in the world—the unhappy *Victoria* was one—have been floated from its banks. Sternly grand are some of the fiery scenes along its shore; but the river-journeyer knows that it has delightful recesses, amid woods, further up, neighboured by abbey, fortalice, and hill. Tynemouth Castle has stood for ages guarding its mouth, and still holds its own, grouped, with the famous Priory, in a county that boasts such picturesque seaside strongholds as Warkworth and Bamborough.

"The Brighton of the North," for so is old Tynemouth called, gains wonderfully in beauty of aspect from the presence of its ancient survivals. Since Hazlerigg stormed the fortress in 1684, beheaded Colonel Lilburne, the Governor, and set his head upon a pole, there have been wondrous changes in Tynemouth. It has developed from a small town, which had grown up under the protection of the Castle and the hospitality of the Priory, to a seaside resort full of modern attractions. All the delights



SALTBURN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOCHROME COMPANY, LONDON.

attractions as this charming spot. There is an old fishing-village hugging the shore, under the shelter of rugged cliffs, and a deeply wooded glen with rare romantic charms, transformed into a lovely garden near its mouth, separating the village from the modern town, whose fine hotels and houses cluster upon the West Cliff, with a grand outlook to sea. There is a splendidly invigorating air, excellent boating and sea-fishing, and the opportunity for delightful rambles through the glens, by shelving crags and deep woods to breezy places on the hills. There are old churches to visit, and the splendid remains of Guisborough Priory are near by.

You may ascend, too, the northern bluffs, or "nabs," of the Cleveland hills, from which is a vast outlook along the shore, and across the mouth of Tees to where the coast of Durham rises in the haze. Stretching its long length upon the coast between, lies Redcar, which, if not picturesque, has the advantage of these glorious sands and of the healthy breezes from the North Sea. On the Durham side, too, there is the same open freshness and similar broad sands upon which you need not draw rein for miles. The boating hereabout is excellent, and there is abundant amusement in bathing, shrimping, and fishing. Seaton Carew, on the Durham side, is a charming resort in the summer-time, with its houses surrounding a hollow square, which opens its arms to the sea. There are excellent golf-links at the place, Hartlepool is within cry, and it is a romantic cruise, indeed, up the Tees at night, when the great iron-furnaces of Middlesborough stand

of the Northumberland shore seem centred here, and the boating, fishing, and bathing are excellent. Golf, cricket, and tennis are the order of the day, and a continual round of amusements is offered. The place is built in a commanding position on the top of the promontory, at the extreme end of which the lighthouse and Priory are approached through the ancient portcullis gateway and ruins of the Castle. How many times the abbey was burnt by Danes is recorded in history. There is singular beauty in the venerable remains, and endless subjects for the artist are presented by its broken windows, vaultings, and columns. Many a legend might be recounted of the relics of St. Oswyn, which were carried to and fro between Tynemouth and Jarrow. Here it was, too, that Malcolm Canmore and his son Edward, who was killed at Alnwick, were buried. But let us be content to note that between historic fame, picturesque character of coast and architecture, and modern diversions, Tynemouth is certainly a resort full of attraction to the tourist, with a host of places and objects of interest in its neighbourhood.

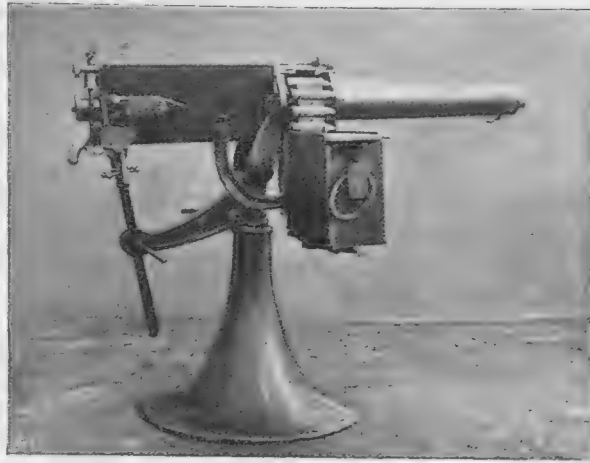
Those who seek retirement in this delightful region will find it at Whitley and Cullercoats. Here there is open sea with unconventional comforts and abundant seaside pleasures. The two places can no longer be described as villages, for they have grown rapidly, and are graced by many fine houses. But they add a good deal to the attractiveness and offer abundant opportunities for the exploration of the beautiful Northumberland shore.

JOHN LEYLAND.

THE COLONIALS AT MAXIM'S.

The Colonials have seen a great deal during their Jubilee jaunt, but they will not readily forget their visit to the Maxim-Nordenfolt Machine-Gun Factory at Eynsford, which not only allowed them to appreciate the definite mechanical advances which are always going on at home, but also permitted an even more valuable interchange of courtesies and greetings between their comrades of the Old Country and its defenders overseas. For this meeting meant far more than the firing off of several hundred rounds of cartridge at an appalling speed; it took a wider Imperial significance from the importance of these very weapons in Colonial warfare, and from the presence of the numerous officers and men of the Regular Army and Navy who were there to see them. The finest target made and the shooting which aroused the greatest admiration were due to the handling by Mr. Maxim himself of his automatic one-pounder on naval mounting. For an old gentleman over seventy to stand the mere shock of sending off these big shells at a very high rate of speed was no slight test of courage and address. The reports came with a rhythmical regularity that proved the extreme delicacy of the mechanism, and the precision of aim was remarkable.

Just before this a pretty and dramatic effect had been produced by the galloping up of a light field-gun, horsed by Regulars from the Royal Artillery. This had fired metal case-shot, the cartridge being only just

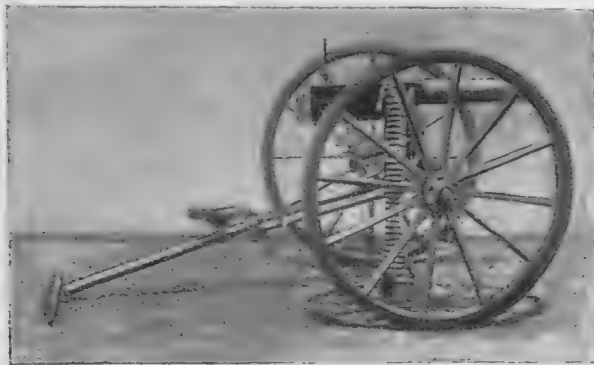


MAXIM ONE-POUNDER AUTOMATIC GUN ON NAVAL MOUNTING.

Weight of Projectile, 1 lb.; Muzzle Velocity, 1600 feet sec.; Weight of Gun, 364 lb.; Weight of Naval Mounting, 312 lb.

It is remarkable that of the eleven riflemen sent by Mr. David Syme, the proprietor of the *Melbourne Age*, to represent the colony of Victoria in the Kolapore Cup competitions at Bisley, no less than five should be civilians, and it is scarcely less noteworthy that not a single commissioned officer was sufficiently successful in the six test-matches to ensure a place in the team. The entries closed with twenty-seven competitors, fifteen of whom were civilians associated with the various rifle-clubs of the colony. The tests were held at the Williamstown Butts, and the greatest interest was evinced in the results, large crowds of sightseers attending each day. The last match closed with Lance-Corporal Todd heading the list with 533 points out of a possible 600. This promising young marksman is attached to the 3rd Battalion Infantry, stationed at Ballarat, and for two years past has been reckoned the crackshot of that district. Mr. P. Fargher, of the Melbourne Rifle Club, is a Victorian Queen's Prize winner, having gained that coveted distinction in 1892. In the same year he won the Grand Aggregate Prize for the best all-round man in the whole

of the six matches of the meeting. Mr. E. Walker, of the Melbourne Rifle Club, scored only 498. Possessing more medals and badges in proof of his prowess than any other two riflemen in the Colony, Mr. Walker has had a place in every representative team his club has sent out. In 1894 he ran into places in only two matches of importance, but next year he



MAXIM .303 RIFLE CALIBRE GUN ON COMBINED TRIPOD.

Weight of Gun, 67 lb.; Weight of Carriage, 232 lb.



TWELVE AND A-HALF POUNDER QUICK-FIRING MOUNTAIN-GUN.

Weight of Gun, 236 lb.; Weight of Carriage, 600 lb.

strong enough to stop the bullets bursting before they left the muzzle; the rain of lead utterly destroyed the dummy regiment which was some three hundred yards ahead, and visibly ploughed up the turf all round it. The few targets which remained standing proved to be riddled with shot in every "vital part" when they were inspected afterwards.

Perhaps the prettiest practice of the day was made with the 12½-pounder quick-firing mountain-gun, which also produced the loudest report of the afternoon. This displayed the effect of five rounds of common shell at twenty pounds and six rounds of shrapnel somewhat lighter, which combined to thoroughly demoralise what there was left of the target. The display finished with a combined volley of all arms at a high velocity, which had the most terrifying effect. A sulphurous flame played continually round the muzzles of the one-pounders, and, though the cordite made very little smoke, there was an acrid, pungent odour in the air and a venomous rattle from the wicked Maxims that produced strange emotions in the bystander,

carried off the "Any" Rifle Match from a multitude of competitors, and made 69 out of a possible 75 at 300 yards in the Continuous Match. This prepared him for the remarkable shooting he exhibited in winning the Queen's Prize of 1896. The remaining members of the team have all proved themselves to be very reliable and accurate shots, and the committee of selection were so satisfied that nothing in the nature of a fluke had crept into the

tests that they unhesitatingly chose the first eleven marksmen on the list. The men finished: Lance-Corporal Todd, 3rd Battalion, Ballarat, 533; Mr. T. Kirk, Melbourne Rifle Club, 519; Corporal Downey, Victoria Permanent Artillery, 517; Gunner Reilly, Victoria Permanent Artillery, 516; Mr. P. Fargher, Melbourne Rifle Club, 513; Mr. W. Sloane, Tarawonga Rifle Club, 511; Gunner McNeice, Victoria Permanent Artillery, 507; Bombardier Carter, Geelong Artillery, 505; Sergeant Hawker, C Battery Field Artillery, 504; Mr. E. Walker, Melbourne Rifle Club, 498; Mr. J. Grummett, Melbourne Rifle Club, 495. May their visit prove successful.



THE VICTORIAN RIFLE TEAM FOR BISLEY.

A GREEK TOMBSTONE.

When we lay a few flowers on the stone that marks a friend's grave we hardly realise how much of folk-lore there is in that simple act. No thought of offerings to the dead crosses our minds, no idea of other times and other religions to which this

was a sacred rite. The form of our tombstones, too, we may hardly notice. Perhaps it is a cross, the symbol of our faith and hope; or there may be only an inscription on a plain slab; or perhaps there is some effort at sculpture—a broken column, a portrait bust, a waiting angel.

In the ancient Greek tombstones you find no cross, no angel, no portrait, no broken column. Symbols there are, but, for us, alas! they have little or no meaning. When we notice them at all, it is to puzzle over them. The sphinx, the serpent, the acanthus, occur too regularly to be mere ornament. The acanthus seems almost like our immortelle in meaning, the sphinx our anchor, the serpent our skull and cross-bones. Hermes takes the place of the angel and waits



A GREEK TOMBSTONE.

to lead the soul away. But when we look at the tombstones we feel very vividly the difference of time and speech and race and religion.

Here on the stone is the man sculptured as he lived. He was a warrior, and we see him riding down his enemy in battle; or he stands armed and grasping his spear. He is old and stoops down to caress his dog; or he is a youth and races with his hoop, or sits his horse luxuriously. The lady toys with her jewels, or has her sandals put on for the journey by her maid, or she plays with her children. All is fair and gracious, and points the beauty of life rather than the sadness of death and the agony of parting.

Death on the Greek vases is young and beautiful. Sleep's elder brother. These vases were brought to the tomb and laid there as offerings, and they are so closely connected with the tombs, and illustrate the sculptures on them so clearly, that it is difficult to think of the one without the other.

Here on one beautiful white vase is a drawing in colours of Death and Sleep lifting up a young girl tenderly and placing her in the grave, while Hermes stands by to lead her soul to Hades. On another Chiron is waiting in his boat to ferry across to Hades the soul of a beautiful young woman, who brings with her her favourite earthly belongings—a bird and a box.

We can hardly doubt that these sculptures and vase-paintings had reality to the Greeks not less than the symbols of our religion have for us.

Perhaps even the solemn warning in old Greek times, as we commit the "earth to earth and dust to dust," may be a dim reminiscence of the hand-lids of earth that constituted a ceremonial burial and hid the body from the sun and the wind.

Come back into these other years in Athens and let us enter the house where a man has just died.

As in the days of old, our first duty is to pour out all the water in the room, lest the soul of the dead man should go and hide in it. When fresh water must be brought from a neighbour's house and put before our door, so that anyone who comes in may cleanse himself from the pollution of death when he leaves. We call the women to weep aloud, and to wash and anoint the body, and tie on the fillets, while we ourselves go and cut our hair and put on dark-coloured clothes. The body will lie for a day, and then the law forces us to bury it. In the morning we must start before sunrise, or the sacred light of the



A GREEK TOMBSTONE.

sun-god will be desecrated by the sight of the dead body. There is a long procession of all the relatives at the funeral, and instead of slaying men and women over the grave, as in the Homeric days, we break terracotta statuettes over it. We go back to the house to eat one last meal with our dead host, and pour out a libation to his spirit before we drink.

This is our farewell to our friend. Henceforth we shall meet him at his house no more, and if we want to think of any place in connection with him, it must be the tomb to which we have taken him. There we take our offerings, and find him sculptured as we remember that he once was, well and happy, as he doubtless is again now away in Hades.

Outside the town, far along the high-road lined with tombs, stands the great two-handled urn that we have set up over our friend's grave, a symbol of that urn that should have carried the holy water for the wedding-bath. Like the Queen who laments over Ophelia—

I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave,

it joins the two great ceremonies of life together. We have brought honey and milk for our friend, and flowers and fillets to deck his grave, for this is the day for the offerings. We bid the slave set the things down, and we take the lyre and play some music such as spirits love to hear, something sweet and gentle, with a falling cadence.

In the old fierce days the spirits cried to get the smell of blood; they lived on it. But his spirit only asks for a little milk and a honey-cake, and not for blood and sacrifice. Even in the early days the spirits were content with the shadows of things; it was only the smell of the blood they asked, and the spirits of kings were content with the shadowy forms of the golden ornaments that they had worn in life.

Along the long street of tombs we pass the sculptured sphinxes and sirens on the graves, and the acanthus-leaves crowning them, with the

great palm-trees sprouting out of the top of the acanthus. At the rich tombs stand many beautiful vases, and the flowers and fillets are quite fresh. At another tomb there is no stone, only a heaped-up mound—quite a little hillock. We are walking among the spirits of our ancestors, and we see what manner of men they were. They are buried and at peace, and bear us no ill-will. But how terrible to be left unburied and have the crows pick out one's eyes! Then a spirit would have no rest, and would wander about in misery for ever. And to lie neglected in the tomb, uncomfortable and deserted—for we cannot quite dissociate the soul from the body in our minds as yet! So we bring our offerings, and try to realise that the embodied has become the bodiless, and think that what the sculptor has made for us on the tomb shows us the spirit of our friend's joyousness and youth, as far as we may guess what form a spirit may wear.



A GREEK TOMBSTONE.

MARY GARDNER.

IN BONDAGE.

Silent—for ever silent through the years.

The dreary years which empty come and go;

Why do I cry to one who never hears.

And, far away, my griefs can never know?

See here! I burn the letters one by one,

Although my heart burns with each burning word.

If chains are broken, freedom must be won;

My chains are loos'd, but my heart has not stirred.

What else is left for me to cast away,

What clinging memory from the too sweet past?

Upon the altar, 'midst the fire I lay

This little relic—dear! it is the last.

And now I claim the freedom which I gain.

I am no more a slave to long-dead things;

No victim I to swell thy triumph train.

But a freed bird, with new-recovered wings.

What shall I do with this great gift long sought—

A gift which looked, far off, so passing sweet?

Clasped in my hand it hides and turns to naught!

Once more I come and lay it at thy feet.

HUGHES ROBINSON.

THE KNIGHTS OF CHEPE.

An interesting personality passed out of London life when, not many years ago, that sturdy old Knight of Chepe, Sir John Bennett, left his famous shop in the City to take his ease at St. Leonard's, and on Saturday, July 3, in that quiet place the doughty old watchmaker passed away.



THE LATE SIR JOHN BENNETT.

Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

There was something of this "prentis" spirit in the famous watchmaker, but, for all his appreciation of the *joie de vivre*, Sir John Bennett was master of his craft. Son and grandson of a watchmaker, Sir John, oddly enough, had his early thoughts directed towards the Church, but the death of his father caused him to take up the family business in Greenwich, and in 1851 he was appointed secretary of the Horological Section in the Great Exhibition. In 1878 he acted as English Commissioner at the Paris Exhibition, and received the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Yet he declared that the first Exhibition ruined the English watch industry. He saw that the Swiss produced better watches for less money than did English manufacturers, and he called meetings of masters and men, to induce them to try to produce the best possible watch at the least possible cost. But he was only denounced as a busybody. Yet it was about this time that Charles Dickens used to call frequently in Cheapside and talk by the hour to the watchmaker who was fighting so hard for his craft. One of the reforms which Sir John urged was the utilisation of feminine skill, and one day Charles Dickens appeared in Cheapside with Mrs. "Orion" Horne and two or three other ladies, and called out in his cheery tones, "Bennett, I want you to put these women to work." And Bennett did, giving them designs for watch-cases to prepare. But English engravers stubbornly refused to engrave designs from feminine fingers, and the women workers had to give it up.

A prentis dwelled whilom in our citee—
At every bridale wold he sing and hoppe;
He loved bet the taverne than the shoppe—
For when ther eny riding was in Chepe
Out of the shoppe thider wold he lepe,
And til that he had all the sight ysein,
And danced wel, he wold not come agen.

Sir John was a Radical in more fields than this. At one period he entered upon a crusade against the House of Lords, lecturing and publishing brochures against the Peers, which added to the favour in which he was held by the people. But this, and other idiosyncrasies, operated against his municipal success, and, although he was thrice elected Alderman of Cheap, thrice did the Court of Aldermen refuse to ratify the election. Three times, also, Sir John contested boroughs in the Radical interest, but he was not destined to write M.P. after his name. He was generous to a fault. The boys of Christ's Hospital had cause to welcome his visits in the capacity of Governor, for he would scramble a handful of sovereigns and half-sovereigns among them, always ending with the well-worn joke, "Well, boys, I have only threepence for my 'bus. You must let me keep that." Someone has said that the sun was the first watchmaker, and there was something not wholly unsuggestive of the sun in Sir John's round, florid, jovial face, set in fleecy clouds of snow-white hair; and his nature, despite some faults, had something large and cheery about it. For a long life the sturdy knight was master of Time, but at last, after eighty-three years, Time, who consumes and conquers all things, proved the stronger of the two, and he who was in his day one of the busiest and best-known men in the City rests at last in a quiet churchyard by the sea.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"The Quest of the Gilt-Edged Girl," by "Richard de Lyrienne" (Lane), Number Two of the "Bodley Booklets," is an inevitable occurrence. No book these last few years, save the works of a popular and eloquent lady author, has so directly invited caricature as the one lightly veiled under this title. And the eloquent lady author is included, too, by the mirthful parodist, by way of scaring two birds with one stone, not out of malice, but from the mere fun of the thing. The skit is blithe, does its work merrily, and were the original to be judged by its light, it would gain on the score of refinement, at least.

Mr. Douglas Ainslie has made a very good translation of Barbey d'Aurevilly's sketch "Of Dandyism and of Beau Brummel," and has written an eccentric preface to the same. The original essay is an exquisite bit of writing, but the reader needs not to be very subtle to discover that Barbey is fooling more than half the time, and that when he is serious he is only carried away by his own eloquence and deluded by his own mock-philosophy. Mr. Ainslie, however, takes it all *au pied de la lettre*, and conceives the French critic to have been really dazzled by the Beau. Yet he has translated, and translated with intelligence, the eulogistic passage descriptive of the more manly personality of D'Orsay. To follow the vagaries of D'Aurevilly's moods when he wrote the thing wants some agility; to sum them all up in a judicial preface, disentangling the mockery from the serious sentiment, would be no easy task. Few would attempt what must either be altogether superfluous or useless. But not so Mr. Ainslie, to whom at least Brummel is a bright exemplar. "The vain speculation," he writes, "as to what position Brummel would occupy were he now living, has sometimes attracted the translator. That he would be paramount in whatever sphere he affected goes without saying." And so on through a great deal of solemn nonsense and some snobbery. But I repeat, the important part of his work is well done. And Mr. Lane has had the little book charmingly bound.

I believe "George Fleming" has never till now collected her shorter efforts in fiction. But her "Little Stories about Women" (Grant Richards) proves her to have a very special and graceful talent for this kind of writing. There are two or three masterly things in the volume. The best of all, "For Ten Francs," is an inimitable bit of comedy, yet with an unobtrusive tragic hue, nevertheless. Half in sophisticated life in London, half in simple life in Italy, she finds her material. Her sentiment has vent in the one; her humour and, I think, her essential vigour in the other. It is not the idyllic peasants of Italian opera she gives us, nor the darkly passionate peasants of melodrama, but the frugal, the ground-down, yet the quick-witted and eloquent men and women of the Venetian plains and uplands. Their attitude and talk, as set down here, have the stamp of first-hand observation, and it must occur to many an appreciative reader to wish for a volume which will be filled



"JOHN BENNETT WAS A CITIZEN OF CREDIT AND RENOWN."

From the "Hornet" of 1872.

by only such scenes and portraits as are to be found in "For Ten Francs" and "At Venice." Her English stories of disappointed, wearied, disillusioned, yet always kindly women of society touch us, but, in spite of the greater familiarity of their subjects, they do not rival in interest the scenes out of the rougher, simpler life of the South.—O. O.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

How far "The Man of Destiny" is a practical joke on the part of the conspicuous "G. B. S." it is difficult to guess. Possibly, like another member of the theatrical world whose surname began with an S—I refer to the famous representative of Dundreary—my esteemed *confrère*



HERR CHRISTIANS.

is fond of his little joke, and quite willing to make the dramatic critics the subject of it. I must admit that I fell into the trap, and went all the way to Croydon to see "The Man of Destiny," and watch the very able efforts of Mr. Murray Carson and Miss Florence West to convince a small sample of the Croydon population that it was listening to a drama, and not to a mystification in which Poe would have rejoiced. My opinions about Napoleon are still unchanged, but possibly my views concerning Mr. Shaw as a dramatist are somewhat modified, unless, indeed, the new work is really a very early Shaw played out of its order. I make no effort to give any account of the plot, for the simple reason that I never quite understood it myself.

Madame Odilon and her company have unfortunately left us, after too short a visit. Yet, at the first performance of "Renaissance" there was quite a crowded house. No wonder. The acting of this Austrian company throughout has a quality to which we are hardly accustomed. Of course, I cannot tell whether, if we had the privilege of owning Madame Odilon, and Herren Nihil and Christians, to say nothing of the superb Fräulein Kalmar, we should not, after many performances, find them less brilliantly amazing than at present they appear to be. It may be, too, we judge our own players unfairly on account of this familiarity, and, indeed, even in the case of Bernhardt and Réjane it is possible to see that the more famous player suffers in the unwitting eyes of our public by reason of the fact that she is almost too well-known to us, and has no novelty in herself to offer. As a piece, I hardly like "Renaissance" so much as its predecessors; yet it certainly is a very pleasant comedy.

There were days when the announcement of a new Sardou play would have created quite a thrill in the theatrical world, but it cannot be suggested that "Spiritisme" has caused much excitement. It appears that our very talented actress, Miss Olga Nethersole, is going to give an English version, and that the author has consented to certain alterations; and they will be needful to fit it for the English market. However, I hardly think that the piece has been fairly treated in London. Allegations of want of logic have been hurled at it by some who, I fancy, failed to understand a great deal. It being admitted that M. Sardou intended to prove some theories concerning spiritualism by it, the fact that the actual *dénouement* is worked out without spiritualism has been put forward as showing failure on the part of the author.

No doubt, the guilty wife of M. d'Aubenas obtains his pardon for her infidelity by pretending to be a spirit, but the critic who says that this should cause the husband to look upon spiritualism as mere

humbug overlooks the fact—or did not understand the statement concerning it—that the husband had some other-world communication as to his wife which proved to be true. The main situation in the drama is where the wife, who, in a fit of *ennui*, of *névrosité*, of romantic exaltation, has gone to visit a lover, finds that, owing to a fearful railway accident, all the world believes her to be dead. What is she to do? Reappear in the world, admitting her guilt, or lie low and live with her lover? The lover offers her no choice. He is not prepared for a lifetime of guilty passion, so the unhappy Simone finds herself in a very cruel situation. Her position is the worse inasmuch as a furtive view of her husband, crushed by grief at the idea of the terrible death of his wife, and her discovery that her lover is a contemptible fellow, of course cause her to fall violently in love with her husband.

Simone is so lucky as to have a clever cousin, Valentin, who is willing to help her. Now, one of her complaints against her husband was founded against his mania for spiritualistic *séances*. It was easy to guess that he would attempt to communicate with the spirit of his wife. What then could be more simple than for her to pose as the spirit, to confess her sin, and ask for pardon? She is successful, and the curtain falls when the husband takes her, as a woman of flesh and blood, to his arms. M. Sardou is not a dramatist who troubles himself as to the future; and he fails to suggest any way by which the husband and wife are to offer to the world an explanation of the reappearance of Simone. It would take all the talent of a Mrs. Erlynne to explain this, and I do not suppose M. Sardou is acquainted with that fascinating, frail creature.

There is a good deal of spiritualism in the play, but chiefly in discussion and dialogue scenes of a highly artificial order. There is one amusing character, a Scots doctor, a profound believer in spiritualism, who is supposed to prove himself Scots by talking French with prodigious volubility and a bad accent, yet, unfortunately, comes a cropper by mispronouncing a whole collection of English words. We can sometimes put a passable Frenchman on our stage; but I have never seen anything like success in a representation of an Englishman by a French player.

Madame Bernhardt in the part of Simone is somewhat too frequently off the stage for the pleasure of her admirers, nor has she full scope for



FRÄULEIN KALMAR.

Photo by Angerer, Vienna.

the more charming of her qualities; indeed, it was only during one or two scenes that she really had her fling, and then her success was as great as ever. The prodigious outburst of scorn at her lover's baseness, and outburst of sorrow and repentance at her husband's exhibition of love and anguish, had an immense effect. M. Brémont acted remarkably well in the part of her husband.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Mornington Cannon shapes in the saddle just now better than ever, and he can hardly fail to head the winning list at the end of the present season. Cannon was educated at Queenwood College, with a view to



M. CANNON.

Photo by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

joining one of the professions, but neither the Law, the Church, nor Medicine could tempt "Morny," who longed to get back to the horses. His father gave way, with the result that M. Cannon is to-day probably the best jockey of the century, and if he can keep his riding-weight below nine stone he should continue to prosper for many years to come. M. Cannon rides to hounds often during the winter. He is a good swimmer, can play a very good game of cricket, and is a fair shot. He is very fond of yachting, and sails his own craft up and down the Solent. Cannon is married, and he now lives close to Danebury, as he found a twenty-six mile journey from Southampton too long for him when he had to ride in gallops.

Goodwood prospects are of the best, and it is estimated there will be a record attendance of Society folk. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon is advanced in years, but I am glad to hear that his Grace is still hale and hearty, and is quite able to once more play the part of host, being ably seconded by his son, the Earl of March. As royalty will again honour Goodwood House, it is safe to predict a brilliant gathering. The racing, too, promises to be far above the average, and the course is always good going. This is because the late Lord George Bentinck had the greater portion of it relaid, a wrinkle that should have been copied by the Ascot people years ago.

At Goodwood thanks will by many people be secretly given to Lord George, to whose exertions the fixture owes its development. He moved his stables from Danebury to Goodwood, so that he might the more effectually bring it into rank with other great meetings. Previous to this change of stables he had taken part in races over the "glorious" course, and at the age of twenty-two, while on a visit to the Duke of Richmond, he won the Cocked Hat Stakes in 1824, riding his horse Olive in a jacket hastily made for him by some lady guests. In 1837 he presented the Waterloo Shield to be run for—a beautiful work of art which cost £1300, a much larger prize than was general in those days.

Petworth House, where one of the largest and most influential of Goodwood house-parties assembles yearly, is Lord Leconfield's place near Midhurst, Sussex. It is one of the finest show-places in England. The mansion itself is plain, but the pictures are of immense value, the Turner paintings being the finest private collection in the world. Petworth came to its present owner through Lord Egremont. Lord Leconfield owns an immense property in Cumberland, including large portions of Whitehaven, and valuable iron-mines and slate-quarries. The walls round the Park at Petworth are said to extend for fourteen miles. Lady Leconfield is a sister of Lord Rosebery.

Our Colonial visitors are fond of racing, and they know how to ride, too, as anyone could see who watched the Jubilee Procession. It would be a fine sight to witness a race, say, over two miles, confined to gentlemen riders who are in the country just now from the Colonies and India. If such a race could be started at, say, Kempton or Sandown Park, it would prove a great draw. Of course, the event should be a National Hunt Flat Race for qualified horses. I know many owners who would gladly allow their horses to run, and I am sure several of our cousins who have come across the sea would enjoy the fun.

Sandown Park will prove a big draw, as royalty will be present to see the Eclipse Stakes run for, and I cannot see what can possibly beat Persimmon if he goes to the post fit and well. The next big speculative event is the Liverpool Cup, to be run for on July 22. Dinna Forget is much fancied, and the horse certainly has run well once or twice. I shall, however, pin my faith to Bradwardine, a son of Barcaldine, who will be ridden by C. Wood. This horse is a nice smasher, if I am not greatly mistaken.

CAPTAIN COL.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

One of the largest bicycle deals on record has been completed with an American manufacturer of one of the highest-grade machines at present made in the United States. The contractor in England is Mr. William E. Geddes, sole proprietor of the Geddes Manufacturing Company, of 16-20, Farringdon Avenue, Farringdon Street, E.C., and the contract is for sixteen thousand "Cambridge" machines, as they are to be called over here, which will be delivered in England before the end of next year. In America the price of each machine is twenty-five guineas. Here in England the retail price will be fifteen guineas. I am further informed that the "Cambridge" machine is made entirely of crucible steel, that it has flush joints, Chase Tough Tread tyres, and that every machine is warranted sound in wind and limb. Specimens will be exhibited at the forthcoming Stanley Show, and may already be seen at the office of the Geddes Company.

The unprecedented growth of cycling in this country has undoubtedly proved detrimental to certain trades, and it is inevitable that such should be the case. The proprietor of a large posting establishment in the English Lake district told me the other day that it had seriously affected his business, and there is a great outcry among the Thames boatmen that their trade is gone, since everyone cycles now instead of spending the afternoons on the river. But while some trades must suffer, others are rendered proportionately prosperous. There is an enormous demand for skilled labour in the cycle manufactories. Every town in the kingdom has its establishment both for the sale and repair of machines and cycling accessories, and I am told that even the dentists are doing a thriving business, for the demand for artificial teeth has very largely increased of late.

Mlle. Cléo de Mérode is the most-discussed woman in Paris. The boulevardiers never seem to tire of expatiating upon her beauty of face and figure, of her marvellous dancing and her conquests over kings and princes and nobles. Last winter she took the Prix de Beauté, and her pictures sell more rapidly than any others along the boulevards. She is



Mlle. CLÉO DE MÉRODE.

Photo by Benque, Paris.

a distinctly different type from the usual Paris favourite. She is slender and delicately formed, with the face of a Madonna, and great, sad, solemn eyes that might belong to a nun, they are so demure. This sort of thing is, of course, a novelty, and accounts for the admiration of the Parisians. When this young person rides in the Avenue des Acacias her

carriage is followed by admiring eyes, and her costume the next day is described by the journals. Like most Parisiennes, she has taken to bicycling; but, strange to say, she doesn't ride in bloomers, but wears a very neat, modest little skirt and a severe tailor bodice. Her mode of wearing her hair over her ears *à la Botticelli* has been copied the world over, but it is becoming to very few. The report once spread about the boulevards that La Mérode had no ears, and so wore her hair drawn down to cover the disfiguration. But the next day in the Bois the

became apparent; the bridge was kept clear, but on either side the cyclists were marshalled in a double row, and, as the sun-tanned couple walked between, a rousing British cheer went up, hats were waved, handkerchiefs hoisted, every cycle-bell and horn was called into requisition, and cyclists and spectators cheered their loudest. The enthusiasm reached its height when, an hour later, Calcutta was reached, and the thirsty, dusty wheelmen pedalled down the Strand—the Calcutta popular evening drive—where beauty, rank, and fashion were assembled to watch the sight and welcome the visitors. The Calcutta Volunteer Headquarters having been reached, the first consideration was refreshments, after which Messrs. Fraser and Lunn made the acquaintance of scores of Calcutta men, proud to claim as fellow-countrymen these two plucky travellers, who have, so far, accomplished over ten thousand miles of their colossal tour.

Perhaps not the least interesting of the incidents *en route* was the appearance at Goosery of the oldest European inhabitant of Calcutta, Mr. W. Stalkartt, who waved his hat, his white locks streaming in the breeze, as the cyclists went by. His dear, feeble old cheer was answered by a peal of bells and lusty hurrahs from the wheelmen.

The "City of Palaces" is determined "to do its visitors proud" during their stay. The Bengal Chamber of Commerce has made the visitors honorary members of the Royal Exchange during their stay, a compliment which has also been extended to them by the Committee of the Calcutta Swimming-Baths. The Cyclists' Dinner at the Volunteer Headquarters numbered over a hundred and fifty members, and the toast of the evening was that of "Our Guests."

The American branch of the Salvation Army have long had their cycling brigade of Hallelujah Lassies, and now I hear of a motor-car being utilised by an energetic Baptist minister to further the interests of his particular sect. The "Horseless Gospel Wagon" is a veritable church on wheels. The driver, of course, takes his place in front, the minister stands in a pulpit in the centre of the vehicle, while the rear is occupied by an organ, and around are seated a choir of men and ladies. We shall probably hear next that this eccentric gentleman claims his wheeling church as a fulfilment of Ezekiel's vision.

The popularity of cycling has wonderfully increased in Spain of late. When one hears that 36,000 cyclists have signed a petition to the Parliament in Madrid for improving the roads, it may well be supposed that the roads in Spain are in a very bad condition. In Russia also cycling has enormously increased during the last few years; but it is difficult to believe what I hear—namely, that last winter cycles were often used instead of sleighs.

A very large gathering of cycling enthusiasts assembled at Wood Green in order to witness the Grand Military Cycling Tournament, and certainly the competitions were, for the most part, well worth going a long way to see. Chase's attempt to beat the five miles record was, of course, one of the chief, if not, indeed, the greatest attraction of the afternoon. He was in grand form, and rode splendidly, though one heard the usual amount of silly comments made by some of the spectators, who "don't ride themselves, but know all about it, you know." The afternoon was not devoid of humorous incident, and Mr. Sisley, of *Daily Mail* and *Cycle* fame, contributed his little quota by skidding more than once.



MR. FRASER AND MR. LUNN AND THE CALCUTTA CYCLISTS.

Photo by Bourne, Shepherd, and Co, Calcutta.

beautiful danseuse appeared with her dark hair drawn up, displaying the prettiest pair of little pink ears imaginable.

A Calcutta correspondent writes as follows—

The cycling boom reached its zenith in the City of Palaces on May 30, when an enthusiastic reception was accorded to Messrs. Fraser and Lunn, two of the adventurous trio of Britishers who are wheeling round the world. Messrs. Fraser and Lunn—Mr. Lowe being unfortunately detained at the last halting-place by indisposition—were met at Chandernagore by Messrs. Bradshaw, Burke, and Bryning, leading members of the Bengal Cyclists' Association, recently formed in Calcutta. From this point their progress into Calcutta can only be described as a right royal one. Along the twenty-five miles of road the European population mustered its strongest, while from every little village and hut issued crowds of dark-skinned natives adding their cheers. At Serampore, about half-way to Calcutta, the bicyclists paused to inspect the avenue planted by Warren Hastings, on the site of whose bungalow the Hastings Jute Mill now stands, and here they were greeted with Union Jacks floating from every available eminence. By the time Calcutta proper was reached the wheeling procession numbered over two hundred and fifty, including ladies, while there could not, at even a modest computation, have been less than a hundred thousand spectators. The wheelmen comprised Englishmen, Americans, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Eurasians, Hindus, Mohammedans, Rajputs, Parsees, Africans, and a couple of Chinamen. Probably no other city could have ever brought together a more cosmopolitan gathering. On the Bally Bridge, eight miles from Calcutta, police arrangements



THE OBSTACLE RACE AT WOOD GREEN.



VOLLEY-FIRING OVER OBSTACLES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

GOSSIP AND GOWNS.

The Rule of the Remnant is very dominant this month, and we all admit, as well as submit, to the, generally speaking, impracticable fascinations of those "oddments" that fit in nowhere and hinder rather than help successful combinations of fashion, which, like many other others, only allure in theory. A remnant, generally speaking, is, as



[Copyright.]

A HENLEY DRESS.

a matter of fact, either too long or too short, too light or too dark, too thick or too thin, for triumphant application to ruling modes; but the temptation of its cheapness still leads us into fresh indulgence as the sale-months come round, and the stern virtue of passing a counter heaped with silk and brocade marked down to a mere calico equivalent is possessed of few. Not but that sales, broadly defined, are a boon and a blessing to a large section of the sex, eking out the girls' allowances by means of gorgeous "model" garments sacrificially marked down, while millinery and other matters pertaining thereto do wonderful things in recruiting summer wardrobes so hardly beset by the Season's racket. White embroidered dresses, which have been prettier than ever this year, are now, by the way, being sold, in common with all other fashionable affairs, at prices very inadequate to their attractions.

I find that Jay's are more than ordinarily liberal, for instance, in the matter of bargains, and many gowns and garments of exceptional beauty are still to be picked up in that exclusively smart establishment at figures recklessly apart from their first expensive cost. This prettily designed white gown I met at a Henley luncheon-party. It seemed to me the embodiment of airy, fairy chiffon at its best, and the style, so suitable to slim girlhood, would reproduce itself admirably in white mohair or serge, although the original was in material of much more ethereal substance. An underskirt of white glacé silk, gathered slightly around the waist, after the newest mode, rustles brilliantly under the semi-transparent overdress of white mousseline-de-soie, lace, and embroidery which go to make up its engaging whole. The bottom flounce of pale-yellow lace is surmounted by three rows of openwork headed with gathers of the mousseline. Above this another

lace flounce, having similar insertions on top, reaches almost up to the waist. A blouse-bodice of lace over white silk is surmounted by an original version of the square bolero in white embroidered mousseline-de-soie. And the dainty little basque of lace, adding quaintness to the whole, is flanked by transparent sleeves, which are gathered along their length, as usual. A neck-trimming of two pale shades of green silk, with waistband to match, completes the summary of a very attractive whole, which is crowned by a French toque of green gauze and parasol to match.

Apricot is promised us in the approaching early autumn list of forthcoming colours. While very becoming to the clear-skinned brunette, it is otherwise, however, a very trying tone, and, as some complain with reason, takes all the pink out of a fair woman's complexion quite hopelessly. A smart dress of this colour recently worn by the Countess de Casa Valencia was skilfully admixed with black and white, about the only tones that really show up apricot to advantage. The skirt, ornamented at both sides by a double coquillé of white gauze ribbon, edged with narrow black velvet, was very handsome. Two rows of the same trimming went around skirt. A blouse-corsage of apricot, veiled in mousseline of the same tone, fastened at one side, patterns of black lace being let in, and embroidered with tiny paste. A bunch of orchids, in the same tones as dress, was tucked into a white satin waistband elaborately beaded and embroidered in jet and paste. It was a really beautiful gown.

Reverting to the subject of sales in the cause of some unprecedented bargains which have just come up for notice, I find that at Mr. Charles Lee's, of Wigmore Street, a large collection of smart blouses and shirts left over from the Season's sales are to be had for little or nothing, literally speaking. Some remarkably smart and useful checked silks in two shades of blue, black and white, pale green, and pink, are among many other attractive numbers to be sold at a guinea each. Pink, blue, and green surah blouses, daintily trimmed with rows of black velvet laid diagonally on the yoke, have been reduced to the mere modest eighteen-and-elevenpence which ordinarily purchases muslin or cotton only. Then there are silk skirts, all frou-frou and flounces, which share the pecuniary descents of all other matters in this liberally conducted establishment, not to mention finely spun silken hosiery with



[Copyright.]

A SMART BLOUSE.

the new "crochet" openwork designs at four-and-elevenpence the pair, and "velvet Suède" gloves of faultless fit and texture, which are besides immolated on the all-absorbing shrine of cheapness.

I suppose it must be generally allowed that the formulation of fresh ideas, at least where dress is concerned, is the exclusive prerogative and Heaven-born gift of Frenchwomen in particular. The belief seems borne out and endorsed, at all events, by one clever little person, who, struck with the sadly inadequate fascinations of our national bathing-dress, has actually crossed the Channel with but one philanthropic idea, of developing the seaside, or rather, the salt-water, toilette to its utmost extent and capability over here. Accordingly, a series of particularly alluring models have been put into execution, and a certain number of the smart and influential invited to view and promote this particular cult of costume among the bathing elect, with the result, one may safely prognosticate, of better things in a near future about the beach generally.

One trim expression of this modiste's method seemed especially worth remembering in the interests of brunette bathers. The tunic of pale-green serge was adorned with bands of buff linen at neck, waist, and sleevelets, being embroidered key-pattern in Japanese, and therefore



A SMART BLOUSE.

[Copyright.]

untarnishable, gold. The quaintest possible cap in waterproof green silk, flanked by rubber-soled shoes to match, completed this outfit. Another of cherry-coloured mohair, with white serge square-shaped bolero and deep turned-down collar to match, was braided effectively in narrow zigzags of black silk braid. But out of dozens claiming various degrees of admiration, the prettiest, most becoming, and smartest was of white in a new sort of mohair, which stands at bay in the water, neither shrinking nor falling limply on near acquaintance with the waves. Profusely trimmed with white woollen lace much resembling the "Yak" of former Seasons, and supported with a flexible silver belt, pink cap and shoes, this sea-nymph's ensemble made an altogether inviting whole, which might equally transport Deauville or Dover into the most ferrent aquatic ecstasies.

Many are the legends afloat concerning the celebrated recent function at Devonshire House by those who never went there, and one funny tale of the far-seeing transatlantic lady who insured her jewels at a burglary insurance office to the tune of thirty thousand pounds, and subsequently, brilliant in paste, drove through remote and disreputable byways to Berkeley Square, in the faint yet ardent hope of realising an extra competency, is one of the good things which are usually composed for such occasions. At the same time, an incredible quantity of Parisian Diamond Company jewels were prepared for this occasion, and several of the most beautifully designed tiaras present had been produced in

the workshop of these celebrated jewel-setters. The philosophy of owning such troublesome and unremunerative possessions as immensely valuable jewellery is really not very apparent to the woman with less than ten thousand a-year, when it is considered that not alone the lustrous quality of any or every stone is so successfully simulated as to puzzle noted experts, but that the art of jewel-setting has never been more fully expressed than it is at present by the Parisian Diamond Company.

The smallest dogs and the smartest women were distinguishing features of this year's Ladies' Kennel Club Show, which held its annual meeting at the Botanic Gardens on Thursday and Friday. The various judgments and adjudications I did not linger over, having no vital interest in the respective merits of Japanese, Russian, or Germanic monsters, great or small; but one excessively well-got-up specimen of the "human various" did appeal to me, as she appeared frocked in pale-grey chiffon over glacé taffetas to correspond, elaborate embroideries of steel, silver, and pink topaz on a cloth-of-silver background making good cause with an advisedly peach-coloured complexion, over which the black picture-hat of the classics, chip, plumes, and velvet all complete, gave an admirable effect.

On Friday, among many matters of more or less moment, there was a meeting to attend at Speaker's House, kindly lent by Mrs. Gully in the pathetic interests of the Children's Happy Evenings Association. Such speakers as Lady Jersey, strenuous and sympathetic; the Duke of Portland, in his kindly character of chairman; Mr. Beerholm Tree, glib and gracefully worded; the Chief Rabbi Adler, wittily fluent as usual, not to mention others of equal consequence, pleaded well with the large and influential audience assembled on behalf of this most excellent institution. The onerous efforts of Mr. Montague Barlow, as hon. secretary and special pleader, went largely to secure a particularly successful meeting. It is, indeed, a holy and wholesome thought which endeavours to provide for those waifs and strays of our social system some cheerful and refreshing interludes from the monotonous ugliness of their daily lives, and the promoters of this truly benevolent scheme lay the foundations of more solid good than would even at first appear possible. The present benefit is accomplished of lifting those children of the poorest poor out of the darkness of their surroundings, and giving them an otherwise impossible experience of happier and better things. What influence the memory of these "Happy Evenings" may exert on their after lives who can tell? Out of a hundred deserving and admirable plans of help and rescue, this one of teaching the children that little-conned lesson of happiness seems to me the best and most gracious of all.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. (Inchiquin).—(1) I think with that background you should keep to yellow flowers for the decorations. White, with trails of the invaluable smilax, could be added. Lilies are too odorous for the dinner-table, but put about in clusters would make good effect and fragrance in the reception-room. (2) I know of nothing better than the ever-useful Hinde's Curlers. All those liquid essences only succeed, to my thinking, in making the hair sticky, and very often turn it grey. No such drawbacks can be alleged against the Hinde Curler, which besides gives a more natural appearance than any other invention of the sort. (3) St. Blazien gets very cold in September, being so high up; so you would be wise in packing up some warmer clothes than what will be required now. You will find one of those cosy Japanese quilted silk dressing-gowns invaluable; they are so soft, warm, and light. You can buy one from thirty to forty shillings.

DULCIE (Chatham).—(1) Have you ever tried lavender water in your bath? for, in my opinion, it is very much more delicious and fragrant than any Indian scent can possibly be. The Romans used it under the name of "Lavandula," and I always think in the matter of the bath they were advisedly authorities, and good people to follow. Get some of the Mitcham Lavender Water, which is and always will be admittedly the best. Jackson's preparation is a very good one, being so highly concentrated and so pure. (2) Without going so far, you will find the waters at Llandrindod Wells do just as well. People are being sent there a good deal now.

A. F. (Tilney Street).—You must think me a much more wise and wonderful person than I can possibly aspire to be if you think that I can sum up a list of your country-house requirements for the next two months or more. Your letter, too, is not very explicit, and much depends on the houses you go to whether great or little things are expected in the matter of dress. Roughly speaking, you might take a smart tea-gown and a tea-jacket; two well-made black skirts, one of silk, the other of brocade; several evening-blouses, both of the high-up and low-down variety; one handsome dinner-gown for functions; a long evening-cloak, and, besides your ordinary dresses, which should be smartened up after the Season's hard wear, one good tailor-made at least. Shirts *ad lib.*, of course. Smart millinery is not wanted in the country. One pretty sailor-shape, another for garden-parties, and, if your houses are in Ireland or Scotland, be advised and add a waterproof, glorified versions of which are not everywhere obtainable. How does this strike you? It is certainly not too much, and the additions may depend on your purse and pleasure.

MIDLANDS.—(1) Your difficulty would be obviated by the use of ready-prepared soups, which are a particular boon in the country, where the nearest butcher, even if get-at-able, is not always set up with ox-tails or other necessary ingredients. I should advise you to try Cosenza's famous soups, which are sold in compressed tablets and number every variety in the repertoire of a first-rate chef, from *Bonne Femme* to *Bisque*. Another specialty of theirs, which you should undoubtedly find most useful, are the "Driessens Foundation" sauces, three sorts—French, Italian, and German. You can have no idea what an invaluable aid these are in the preparation of entrées, sauces, and all kinds of savoury dishes. (2) You should get the mantle at Peter Robinson's. They have their usual half-yearly sale on now.

SYBIL.

The North-Eastern Railway Company have issued a neat Guide containing particulars of hotels, and farmhouse, seaside, and country lodgings to be obtained during the holiday season in Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and Yorkshire. The book, which contains a large map and a number of well-executed illustrations, can be obtained post free, twopence, from the Superintendent of the Line, North-Eastern Railway, York.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on July 27.

THE MONEY MARKET.

The Bank Rate remains at 2 per cent., and money continues to be very plentiful. Owing to the heavy distribution of dividends paid by the central institution at this season of the year, and the retiring of loans obtained for balance-sheet and other purposes at the end of last month, the weekly return showed considerable alterations. The result of these operations increased the proportion of reserve to liabilities by 5.07 per cent. to 49.37 per cent.

THE PRESENT POSITION.

Things on the Stock Exchange have been deadly dull, more deadly, indeed, than we ever remember, and so much is this state of affairs generally recognised that it is very difficult to find any topic in connection with financial matters which excites even a languid interest at this moment. Day after day brokers who have for the last twenty years made incomes of three or four thousand a-year from legitimate business come to their offices and find not a single order in their morning's letters, and when at three o'clock the other day we asked the price of a particular stock we were told *the Market had not opened yet*. Up to Whitsuntide we had a fairly active time, and people generally anticipated that there would be very active markets throughout the year; but since the holidays early in June there has been no serious attempt to do anything, and it looks as if the Jubilee festivities have quite killed anything like either speculation or investment until October.

BANK DIVIDENDS.

The dividend results coming to hand continue to be satisfactory, and, although some of the institutions have not seen their way to improve upon their last year's distribution, they are able, in most instances, to show substantial improvements in the amounts carried forward to the next account. Thus, for instance, in the case of the Capital and Counties, although they only distributed the same dividend as last year, they were able to carry forward £37,736 against £22,323 a year ago, besides applying £15,000 in reduction of premises account. The principal alterations, up to the time of writing, as compared with the corresponding period of 1896, are improvements of 1 per cent. in the distributions of the City Bank, London and Midland, and London Joint-Stock.

COLONIAL PREMIERS.

The visit of the Premiers of British Colonies is being utilised to the fullest extent, for the purpose of getting information from them, in the first place, and, in the second place, for conveying to them information as to what, on this side of the world, are the views regarding the various industries in which the Colonies are concerned. Naturally, the presence of Sir John Forrest attracts special notice in connection with the development of the Westralian gold-mining industry. He received a deputation introduced by Lord Castletown, the President of the West Australian Chamber of Mines; and Mr. C. A. Moreing drew Sir John's attention to the necessity for amendment of the mining laws. The Chamber of Mines, he said, quite recognised that the laws which were now in vogue "were very suitable, and, probably, sufficient in the early days of the Colony; but they were quite inadequate now in view of the large amount of capital which was being poured into the Colony for the development of these mines."

Mr. Faithfull Begg, M.P., directed attention to the import duties on food. The West Australian Premier, in reply to these comments, expressed the opinion that there would be very little difficulty in arriving at a harmonious arrangement for the common object in view—the development of the Westralian Goldfields. His reply was throughout conciliatory, and, while he committed himself to no definite pledges as to what the Government would do, he did commit himself to the promise that his influence would be directed towards giving a better title to the holders of gold-mining leases. And this is a very important matter in connection with the future of Westralian gold-mining.

HOME RAILS.

The Home Railway Market still keeps weak, on account of the disappointing nature of the Jubilee traffics. There were lots of "bulls" about, whose expectations have not been fulfilled, and they are gradually, but persistently, getting out of their commitments. The mistake they made was in forgetting that, quite apart from any special benefit which might accrue from the Jubilee, such stocks had already attained a phenomenally high level, and that, whatever increase occurred in passenger traffic involved the absence from their business quarters of the people who supply the railway companies with their merchandise traffic.

CYCLE SHARES.

The ink was hardly dry on our copy, dealing with the outlook of the cycle trade last week, when the beginning of the end came very prominently before the public in the shape of a letter to the papers from Mr. Vernon Pugh, the managing director of the Rudge-Whitworth Company, announcing a sweeping reduction in the price of their cycles. We know well enough that the Rudge-Whitworth Company is not uncommonly at loggerheads with its neighbours, but we also know that it is one of a dozen large concerns which all practically make a cycle of the same grade, so

that the decision of this company to sell its highest-grade machines at sixteen guineas net to the public, means that its rivals will be driven to do the same or starve. What an ordinary cycle costs to make it is difficult to say, but it is generally accepted that the prime cost of a Beeston Humber is just under ten pounds. If for the sake of argument we allow the same sum for the production of a first-grade Rudge-Whitworth, and, say, three guineas as agent's profit, it appears that the company may expect three guineas profit even at the reduced figure on the first-grade, and something less (perhaps one-half) on the "standard," or second-grade machine. If the cutting of prices goes no further, a reasonable living might be made on such figures; but suppose the Swift or the Singer Companies bring their prices down (as they will probably have to do), and elect to go one better than the Rudge-Whitworth people, there is no saying exactly where it will all end. As we said last week, the ultimate outlook for the great makers of machines ridden by the middle classes is by no means promising, although, of course, dividends will hardly begin to suffer for many months.

If you wish to buy Cycle shares for investment, our advice is to purchase only those of companies which produce either the very highest class of machine or the very lowest; the more the price of an "Elswick" is above the price of an ordinary machine, the greater the demand in the limited circle which can afford such expensive luxuries; while, as the output is advisedly kept far below the demand, the price can be maintained, for there are always some people who want the best of everything, and don't care what they pay for it; while as to the cheapest form of cycle, it costs very little to produce, and is not likely to sell below £7 until a big reduction in the price of tyres takes place, when the reduced price will not lessen the maker's profit. The Rudge-Whitworth reduction means that a determined effort will be made by the big concerns "to knock out" the small and unknown manufacturer, who has, without any name, succeeded in selling a fair machine at £13 or £14.

THE LONDON BANK OF AUSTRALIA.

The scheme which has just been sanctioned by the creditors and shareholders of this reconstructed bank is not an ambitious one, and we congratulate everybody connected with the institution on the way the Bill was carried through Parliament, and the necessary approval voted by the respective meetings. Shortly stated, it amounts to this, that the depositors reduce their fixed interest to 3 per cent., and get an additional 1½ per cent. out of the profits of the bank, such addition being of a cumulative nature. The time for repayment is also slightly extended. The shareholders, who, of course, only hope to escape further calls, approved the plan unanimously, while the depositors by £1,237,983 to £198,710 considered it was the best thing that could be done under the circumstances, so that there is little danger of further trouble, and, if the bank has any sound business in the Colonies, there is now a reasonable prospect of its being able to carry it on until the return of prosperous times. Shareholders in any of the reconstructed banks must not be too sanguine, however, for, in any event, the process of recuperation will be a very prolonged one, and in the majority of cases the schemes, with their subsequent modifications, are merely another name for protracted liquidations.

NEW ZEALAND MINING.

In pursuance of our promise, we are able to give our New Zealand correspondent's letter on the famous Waihi Mine, in which many of our readers are, as we know from their letters, deeply interested.

THE WAIHI MINE.

Waihi! What a desolate spot is Waihi—a vast plain, dusty in summer and axle-deep in mud in the winter; weary waste of desolation, a relic of those days not so long past when all the North Island was a seething mass of volcanoes, flinging mud everywhere, and mostly at Waihi. Perhaps, if we had not driven through the lovely gorges of Karangahake, if we had not travelled up the sweet pastoral scenery of the Thames, the desolation of the place would not have struck us so hard. And on this mud-plain, mines, nothing but mines!—none of them doing anything, none of them worth anything, except to keep Auckland busy gambling in the scrip. Waihi itself has a history—of definite assays never fulfilled, of managers who have tried hard and failed, and of eventual success so great that Barry should have a statue in Auckland if there be any gratitude in the New Zealander. For Waihi has been the means of attracting some millions of English capital. I don't know why, because there is no reason in the argument that a good mine in one place makes a good mine in another. Of this Waihi is a splendid example. The great mine pays. None of the other claims pegged out for miles round have ever earned working expenses. I am not going to write anything about them. They are so completely undeveloped that, as far as I could see, their prospects were *nil*. Some of them may come upon a reef, and some of them may make the reef pay; but I saw nothing that would ensure success.

The Waihi Silverton has some fairly rich stone, and a battery, but it has been managed in such a curious manner that I decline to comment upon it, having regard to the law of libel. I could obtain no information about this property that I considered in any degree reliable. It has chances—that is all I can say. Men in Auckland talking of the Waihi Silverton, laugh in a disagreeable manner. As for the Waihi itself, I must at once admit that it is a very wonderful deposit of quartz, with some extremely rich patches of ore. I went most carefully through the workings, and I had some long talks with Barry, the manager, who gave me a good deal of information. But when I asked to see the assay-map of the mine he flatly refused. Now, my experience of mines and miners is that, when a mine is really very rich indeed, the manager is only too glad to show the assay-map. All managers want their properties puffed up; but Barry said he didn't care very much what was said about the Waihi—he intended paying cent. per cent., and that ought to be good enough. Barry is a very fascinating man; he is head-and-shoulders above the average mining manager (this is not a joke, though he is six feet five inches)—I mean intellectually. He manages the Waihi very well indeed. He pays steady dividends, and he has opened up his property in a very careful and scientific

manner. But he knows—and that is why he would not show me his assay-map—that the Waihi is patchy.

Now, the general view taken by the mining public of the Waihi is that the two enormous reefs, the Martha and the Welcome, are low-grade propositions, and that Barry has only made them pay by careful and most economical management. The public look upon Waihi as a New Zealand Alaska Treadwell. It is nothing of the sort. The bulk of the ore in the two big reefs would not pay to put through the mill, yet a good deal of it does go through every day, and the average ore-value is low in consequence. I fancy Barry could make Waihi returns jump up considerably if he chose; he has some quite astoundingly rich stuff with which he "peppers" his mill. I am not grumbling. Every mine-manager is quite right in doing this. If I were in Barry's place I would strain every nerve to keep my returns even and my dividends regular. I wanted to see the assay-map, that I might find out exactly how much rich stuff Barry had in hand, and how long he could keep his returns up, supposing he didn't find any more. And the astute gentleman did not intend me to "take stock," so he refused to show me the map. A vast proportion of the big reefs does not pay to take out. This I could see by the way the men were working. No doubt much of the stone carries good gold, but how much only Barry knows. Not so much as people imagine, or they would not be erecting a huge mill seven miles away, with water-power and all appliances necessary for crushing an immense amount of ore. This mill will come in handy when the richer rock is worked out, and when they will be compelled to cut down expenses to the lowest penny to keep up the dividends.

A good many people think that the erection of this mill so far away from the mine is a mistake, and that the haulage will cost more than the saving effected by the water-power. But I do not think Barry has made any mistake here. He has gone closely into the cost, and is quite satisfied that he will save money. He knows quite well that a big mill, and only a big mill, can handle the low-grade ore which, sooner or later, must be put through if Waihi is to continue a dividend-payer. To-day he is all right. He has his rich shoots with which to equalise the returns; but to-morrow he may lose them, and he must be prepared. When I was at the mine they were intending to use rotary dryers, and so save the enormous expense of hauling wood seven or eight miles for roasting in the old-fashioned kilns. The system of dry-crushing, roasting, and cyaniding, which has done so well for the shareholders in the Waihi, is very tedious and very expensive. But Waihi ore will not do for the ordinary wet-stamping—the gold is too fine and there is too much silver in it. I am afraid that mere drying such as they are contemplating would hardly tend to increase their percentage. Roasting seems to suit silver ores, and drying is no good. I do not think Barry is quite confident about the new dryers, and I should not be in the least surprised to hear that he had countermanded his order and fallen back upon the old system. If he does, he must be prepared to face the cost.

Year by year wood becomes more and more costly at Waihi, and the time will come when the price will be prohibitive. Then it will only pay to roast rich ores. It is not much use criticising the present mill and cyanide plant at Waihi, because in a few months the new plant will be ready to work. That will be as perfect as money can make it. It has all been made at the local foundry; but the Thames engineers are so thoroughly used to handling New Zealand ores that they can probably turn out as good a mill as Fraser and Chalmers, and they have the advantage of being on the spot in case anything goes wrong.

Much of the future of New Zealand mining rests with Barry and his Waihi Mine. If he can find some more rich deposits, which will enable him to keep his returns up, I fancy we shall see a big boom in New Zealand, for no earthly reason, I need hardly say, because a rich Waihi won't make other mines rich; but it will put heart into speculators, and cause them to plunge and lose their money, which is always a pleasant sight.

I will now give you a few of my notes taken on the spot—

No. 1 Shaft is down 236 feet.

No. 3 Level down at bottom, driven 800 feet on Welcome Lode, which varies from 16 to 30 feet, strike vertical.

Driven 800 feet on Martha Lode, which is 50 feet wide 40 feet from west face of drive. It is only 16 feet wide at east end.

There is a good deal of manganese in the ore.

Shift Boss says "almost a mile of the Welcome Reef is payable," but the west end of Martha is poor. Lowest levels are the richest.

Firewood costs 10s. to 12s. a ton and is carted seven miles.

Coal costs 43s a ton, delivered at Waihi.

The ore is picked.

"There are 700 yards of 15-dwt. stuff in Martha, and more in Welcome"—another statement by Shift Boss.

All payable stone taken out of upper levels; what is left might go through the new mill.

THE HASTINGS HARBOUR BONDS.

When this enterprise was, many months ago, introduced to the public, a few people are said to have subscribed under the impression that, in some ways, the bonds were an obligation of the Hastings Corporation, but the Press very soon disabused their minds of such an erroneous idea. The issue fell very flat, and during the week a further attempt has been made to get £114,100 of the bonds placed upon unsuspecting investors. This appears to be the amount which was not subscribed when the previous issue was made in January 1896. We hope none of our readers have fallen into the trap, for it cannot be too widely known that the debentures are not guaranteed by the Hastings Corporation, and the security consists merely of the dues of a harbour not yet constructed. In connection with the present prospectus, a correspondent writes—

To the City Editor of *The Sketch*.

Sir,—I have received a prospectus of the Hastings Four per Cent. Harbour Loan, and have studied it with much interest, from more than one point of view. At an early stage of my study I made up my mind that the investment was not the sort of thing I wanted. But, nevertheless, I was glad to have received it, on account of a choice specimen of "English as she is wrote" in prospectuses. This is the quotation—

"The Hastings Corporation have resolved to grant to the Commissioners a lease of a portion of the foreshore above high-water mark for five hundred years at a peppercorn rent until the works are completed, and afterwards at a nominal rent of fifteen pounds per annum."

I know that the Harbour works at Hastings have been considerably delayed, from circumstances which might possibly have been avoided if the business had been more ably managed. But I am certainly not going to contribute what little capital I have towards the construction of harbour works which, according to the wording of this wonderful prospectus, it will take five hundred years to complete.—I am, Yours faithfully,
METHUEN.

THE TRANSVAAL MORTGAGE, LOAN, AND FINANCE COMPANY.

The long-expected directors' scheme is at last before the shareholders, together with the very grave criticisms thereon by Messrs. Henwood and Seaber, the dissentient directors.

The scheme would be intelligible if prepared in the interests of debenture-holders anxious to have debentures (bought at a discount) paid off at a premium. This would explain the circular mentioned at the last meeting, offering to buy debenture stock at 90.

The scheme would also be intelligible if prepared in the interests of a debenture or assets realisation company, anxious to buy up the business and assets at wreckage prices; but it is difficult to see how it can be regarded as beneficial to the shareholders.

The company has practically no terminable debentures, the money having been put up to meet the few debenture-holders who would not take their money, when, at a great pecuniary sacrifice, the company determined, at any cost, to make its only debenture issue perpetual. Without making any call on the shareholders, it can discharge every liability as it becomes due. The directors do not attempt to allege any difficulty in meeting such liabilities, and, in fact, their last report shows that, without making any call on the shareholders, the company's prospects are slowly improving—

The gross profit for the year amounts to £18,070 9s. 9d., which, after payment of all charges, including interest on debentures, leaves a net profit of £3539 5s. 2d., reducing by that amount the debit to profit and loss account.

The expenses of the company have been considerably reduced.

Further progress has been made in paying off the Five per Cent. Terminable Debentures, and cash is in hand to meet those remaining as they fall due.

The position of the company during the past year has greatly improved, though less progress than was anticipated has been made. . . . Matters, however, seem settling down, and a resumption of former activity may be anticipated.

This was the Report presented at the meeting at which the directors asked the shareholders to authorise them to prepare a scheme.

The scheme proposes that the company should discharge (at a premium) the Perpetual Debenture Stock so expensively created, and that, in order to do this, it should make a call, sell at once assets likely to increase in value, strip itself of every vestige of working capital, and borrow on a terminable mortgage or debenture.

In plain language, two-thirds of the directors ask the shareholders to pay 10s. a share for the privilege of forfeiting their holdings, while the other third very properly protest.

Saturday, July 10, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

TOM.—We think Harrod's Stores are a sound industrial share, but the price is very high. We hardly like to advise a purchase, but, if you would be content with a small profit, the chances are in your favour.

WILKIN.—(1) The estate was taken out of the hands of the Official Receiver by a vote of the creditors, and Mr. Herbert Watkins, whose address is 11, Poultry, London, E.C., was appointed trustee. (2) You ought to write to the trustee making a claim for the repayment of your money, if the shares have depreciated in value, or for delivery of them if they have improved. Consult a respectable solicitor as to the letter you should write, but send in your claim with as little delay as possible.

J. S.—We do not advise you to buy anything on the 2 per cent. cover system, which is sure to land you in loss, but if you can afford to lock up Little Chatham we think you would make money. The Americans are very speculative, but look like going better. The difference between dealing with an outside broker and a member of the Stock Exchange is that the former runs the stock against you—that is, does not buy it, as a rule, but merely bets that it will go down, while you bet it will go up—while a broker who is a member of the Stock Exchange buys what you order, as your agent, and has no further interest in the deal. The outsider resorts to every kind of device to get your cover to run off, and very often the tape-prices are so wide as to enable him to close your bargain in his own favour, although the real price was always above the limit covered by your deposit.

WILKIN.—See this week's "Notes." We think that the Cycle shares will probably show a good profit on this year's trading, but that the concern is very much over-capitalised, and will be among the first to feel the effects of the cutting down of prices. As to the other company, we have no real knowledge, as it is not dealt in here. Consult a Manchester broker, or go and look at the concern for yourself. These sort of affairs usually turn out badly.

C. J. P.—We are told Santa Annas (a reconstruction of Don Pedro) are the things to buy; the price is about 3s. 6d. to 6s.; but we give you the tip merely as one that came from a well-informed quarter to ourselves. Mount Lyell North at 41 1/2s., or thereabout, are also highly recommended to us by people in the know; but in this case you will probably have to sit on the shares for six or eight months. If all we hear is true, the mine will rival its great namesake.

F. W. F.—It is difficult for us to work out the exchange and the price in May last, but the bonds appear to us to have been bought at about the Market price. We have not the old List handy. We advise you to deal in future through Messrs. Nathan Keizer and Co., of Cowper's Court, Cornhill, E.C., who will buy at a close price, and to pass the coupons through your ordinary banker.

We understand that Mr. A. J. Newton, J.P. (Chairman of Harrod's Stores, Limited), has accepted a seat on the Board of Rosbach Springs, Limited.

The personal luggage of tourist passengers by the London and North-Western Railway will, on application, be collected from their residences, hotels, &c., forwarded in advance of the owner's journey, and delivered at any of the various tourist resorts on the company's system. The charge is one shilling per package, which must in all cases be prepaid.